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PAMPHLETS.

"Tho. Middleton.

and others.

Comedies.

87 no. 3

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Middletons
1. More Dissemblers bes. Women
2. Women beware Women
1657.

291

Entered for Cutting

E. I.

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Sothsby, June 15, 1859, N.° 291.

O. H. O

L. P. 15.

Nos. 457
and
458.

TWO NEW PLAYES.

VIZ.

More DISSEMBLERS besides WOMEN.

WOMEN beware WOMEN.

WRITTEN

By *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Arms in St. *Pauls* Churchyard. 1657.

1343 l.c.d.p.

TWO NEW PLAYS.

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

A COMEDY.

BY

Tho. Middleton, Gent.

LONDON:
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, 1657.

A

COMEDY.

WOMEN

BESIDES

DISSEMBLERS.

TO THE READER.

WHen theſe amongſt others of Mr. *Thomas Middleton*'s Excellent Poems, came to my hands, I was not a little confident but that hisname would prove as great an Inducement for thee to Read, as me to Print them: Since thoſe Iſſues of his Brain that have already ſeen the Sun, have by their worth gained themſelves a free entertainment amongſt all that are ingenious: And I am moſt certain, that theſe will no way leſſen his Reputation, nor hinder his Admiſſion to any Noble and Recreative Spirits. All that I require

To the Reader:

at thy hands, is to continue the Author in his deserved Esteem, and to accept of my Endeavors which have ever been to please thee.

Farewel,

UPON

UPON

The Tragedy of

My Familiar Acquaintance,

THO. MIDDLETON.

Women beware Women; 'tis a true Text
Never to be forgot: Drabs of State vext,
Have Plots, Poysons, Miſcheifs that ſeldom miſs,
To murther Vertue with a venom kiſs.
Witneſs this worthy *Tragedy*, expreſt
By him that well deſerv'd among the beſt
Of *Poets* in his time: He knew the rage,
Madneſs of Women croſt; and for the Stage
Fitted their humors, Hell-bred Malice, Strife
Acted in State, preſented to the life.
I that have ſeen't, can ſay, having juſt cauſe,
Never came *Tragedy* off with more applauſe.

Nath. Richards.

The

The Actors Names.

LOrd Cardinal of *Milan.*
Lactantio, his Nephew.
Andrugio, General of *Milan.*
Father to *Aurelia.*
Lords of *Milan.*
Governor of the Fort, Servant to *Aurelia.*
Crotchet, a Singing Master.
Sinquapace, a Dancing Master.
Usher to Sinquapace.
Dondolo, Servant to *Lactantio.*

Dutchess of *Milan.*
Celia, her Waiting-Gentlewoman.
Aurelia, Mistress to *Andrugio* and *Lactantio.*

Page, *Lactantio*'s old Sweet-heart disguised.
Servants.

Scæn *Milan.*

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

The First Part.

Act. 1. Scæn. 1.

Enter *Lactantio*, and *Aurelia*, and *Servant*.

SONG.

Musick.

TO be chaste, is Womans glory,
'Tis her fame and honors story.
Here sits she in Funeral weeds,
Onely bright in vertuous deeds.
Come and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays.

Lact. WElcome Souls Musick: I have been listening here
To melancholly strains from the Dutchess lodgings.
That strange great Widow, that has vow'd so stifly
Never to know loves heat in a second Husband:
And she has kept the Fort most valiantly
(To th' wonder of her Sex) this seven years day;
And that's no sorry tryal. A moneths constancy
Is held a vertue in a City-widow,

And are they excel'd by so much more i'th' Court?
'My faith a rare example for our Wives.
Heavens blessing of her heart for't poor Soul,
Sh'ad need have somewhat to comfort her.
What wouldst thou do? Faith now
If I were dead, suppose I wear thy Husband,
(As shortly I will be, and that's as good)
Speak freely, and thou lov'st me.

Aur. Alas Sir,
I should not have the leasure to make Vows,
For dying presently, I should be dead
Before you were laid out.

Lact. Now fye upon thee for a hasty dier,
Wouldst thou not see me buried?

Aur. Talk not on't Sir,
These many years, unless you take delight
To see me swoun, or make a ghost of me.

Lact. Alas poor Soul, i'll kiss thee into colour,
Canst thou paint pale so quickly, I perceive then
Thou'dst go beyond the Dutchess in her vow,
Thou'dst die indeed: What's he?

Aur. Be setled Sir,
Spend neither doubt, nor fear upon that fellow,
Health cannot be more trusty to mans life,
Then he to my necessities in love.

Lact. I take him of thy word, and praise his face,
Though he look scurvily, I will think hereafter
That honesty may walk with fire in's Nose,
As well as brave desert in broken clothes:
But for thy further safety, I've provided
A shape, that at first sight will start thy modesty,
And make thee blush perhaps; but 'twill away
After a qualm or two. Virginity
Has been put often to those shifts before thee
Upon extremities; a little boldness
Cannot be call'd immodesty, especially

When

When there's no means without it, for our safeties;
Thou knowest my Uncle the Lord *Cardinal*
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of Woman-kinde
About his Lodgings;
Hardly a Matron of Four-score's admitted,
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there,
To mumble Mattens, all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the Dutchess; he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow, and likes not any;
So do's he love that man, above his Book,
That loves no woman, for my Fortunes sake then,
For I am like to be his onely Heir.
I must dissemble and appear as fair
To his opinion, as the brow of Piety;
As void of all impureness as an Altar,
Thine ear — that, and we are safe.

Aur. You make me blush Sir.

Last. 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous cheek,
It blazes Beauties bounty, and hurts nothing.

Aur. The power of Love commands me.

Last. I shall wither in comforts, till I see thee.

Exeunt.

Scæn. 2. *Enter L. Cardinal in his Closet, and two or three Lords.*

L. Card. My Lords, I have work for you, when you have hours
Free from the cares of State, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the Dutchess vertues,
My studies ornaments. I make her Constancy
The holy Mistress of my contemplation,
Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow: I have no power
To suffer Vertue to go thinly clad,

I that have ever been in youth, an old man
To pleasures and to women, and could never love,
but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantick follies.
Here I stand up in admiration,
And bow to the chaste health of our great Dutchess,
Kissing her constant name, O my fair Lords,
When we finde grace confirm'd, especially
In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
We'are spirit ravish'd, men of our probation
Feel the Sphears, Musick playing in their Souls
So long, unto the eternizing of her sex.
Sh'as kept her vow so strictly, and as chaste
As everlasting life is kept for Vertue.
Ev'n from the sight of men, to make her oath
As uncorrupt as th'honor of a Virgin
That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
Like one of Frailties ruines, shrinks to dust.
No longer she's a Virgin, then she's just.

1. *Lord.* Chaste Sir, the Truth and Justice of her
Vow
To her deceased Lord's able to make poor
Mans treasury of praises. But methinks
She that has no temptation set before her,
Her Vertue has no conquest; then would her constancy
Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory,
If she would give admittance, see, and be seen;
And yet resist, and conquer. There were argument
For Angels, 't would out-reach the life of praise,
Set in Mortalities shortness. I speak this
Not for Religion, but for love of her,
Whom I wish less religious, and more loving:
But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault,
But 'tis so rare, few of her sex are took with't,
And that makes some amends.

L. Card.

L. Card. You have put my zeal into a way, my Lord.
I shall not be at peace, till I make perfect;
I'll make her victory harder, 'tis my crown
When I bring grace to great'st perfection;
And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
None but her vow and she. I know she wears
A constancy, will not deceive my praises,
A Faith so noble; she that once knows Heaven,
Need put in no security for her truth;
I dare believe her face, use all the art,
Temptation, witcheries, sleights, and subtleties,
You Temporal Lords, and all your means can practise.
2. *Lord.* My Lord, not any we.
L. Card. Her resolute goodness
Shall as a Rock stand firm, and send the sin
That beat against it, into the bosom of the owners, weeping.
3. *Lord.* We with her vertues so.
L. Card. O give me pardon,
I have lost my self in her, upon my friends.
Your charitable censures I beseech,
So dear her white fame is to my souls love,
'Tis an affliction; but to hear it question'd,
She's my religious triumph.
If you desire a belief rightly to her,
Think she can never waver then you're sure.
She has a fixed heart, it cannot erre;
He kills my hopes of woman, that doubts her.
1. *Lord.* No more, my Lord, 'tis fixt.
L. Card Believe my Judgment,
I never praise in vain, nor ever spent
Opinion idlely, or lost hopes of any,
Where I once plac'd it; welcome as my joys.
Now you all part believers of her Vertue,

All L. We are the same most firmly.
L. Card. Good opinion
In others reward you, and all your actions.
Who's neer us? *Enter a Servant.*
Serv. My Lord.
L. Card. Call our Nephew: There's a work too
That for bloods sake I labor to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy; he's but a youth
To speak of years, yet I dare venture him
To old mens goodnesses and gravities,
For his strict manners, and win glory by him;
And for the chastness of his continence
(Which is a rare grace in the spring of man)
He do's excel the youth of all our time,
Which gift of his more then affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him.
The company of a woman is as fearful to him,
As death to guilty men: I have seen him blush,
When but a Maid was nam'd; I'm proud of him,
Heaven be not angry for't: He's near of kin
In disposition to me. I shall do much for him
In life time, but in death I shall do all;
There he will finde my love. He's yet too yong
In years to rise in state, but his good parts
Will bring him in the sooner: Here he comes.

Enter Lactantio *with a Book.*

What at thy Meditation? half in Heaven.
Lact. The better half my Lord, my minde's there still.
And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle Serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his Masters coming.
L. Card What man in age, could bring forth graver thoughts?

Lact:

Last. He that lives Fourscore years, is but like one
That stays here for a Friend; when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.
I wonder at the yongmen of our days,
That they can dote on pleasure, or what 'tis
They give that title too, unless in mockage.
There's nothing I can finde upon the Earth,
Worthy the name of pleasure, unless 't be
To laugh at folly; which indeed good Charity
Should rather pitty: But of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood (O reverend Uncle)
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women;
There's no excuse for that, 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for't, no Physitian
Ever spent hour about it, for they ghest
'Twas all in vain, when they first lov'd themselves,
And never since durst practise, cry *Heu mihi*,
That's all the help they have for't. I had rather meet
A Witch far North, then a fine Fool in love,
The sight would less afflict me, but for modesty;
And your grave presence, that learns men respect,
I should fall foul in words upon fond man
That can forget his excellence and honor,
His serious Meditations being the end
Of his Creation, to learn well to die,
And live a prisoner to a womans eye.
Can there be greater thraldom, greater folly?

L. Card. In making him my heir, I make good works,
And they give wealth a blessing, where on the contrary,
What curses does he heap upon his soul
That leaves his riches to a riotous yong man,
To be consum'd on Surfeits, Pride, and Harlots,

Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides
A quiet rest for mine.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Lact. How now, the news?

Page. A Letter Sir, brought by a Gentleman
That lately came from *Rome*.

Lact. That's she, she's come:
I fear not to admit her in his presence;
There is the like already. I'm writ chaste
In my grave Uncles thoughts, and honest meaning;
Think all men's like their own-- Thou look'st so pale,
What ail'st thou here a' late.

Page. I doubt I have cause Sir.

Lact. Why, what's the news?

Page. I fear Sir I'm with childe:

Lact. With childe; peace, peace, speak low:

Page. 'Twill prove I fear so.

Lact. Beshrew my heart for that—— Desire the Gentleman
To walk a turn or two.

L. Card. What Gentleman?

Lact. One lately come from *Rome*, my Lord, in credit,
With L. *Vincentio*; so the Letter speaks him.

L. Card. Admit him, my kinde Boy; the prettiest Servant
That ever man was blest with; 'tis so meek,
So good and gentle, 'twas the best almsdeed
That ere you did, to keep him. I have oft took him
Weeping alone (poor Boy) at the remembrance
Of his lost friends; which as he says, the Sea
Swallow'd with all their substance.

Lact. 'Tis a truth Sir,
Has cost the poor Boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company. In such pity,
I always spend my part: Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter

Enter Aurelia *like a Gentleman.*

L. Card. Welcome to *Milan* Sir, how is the health
Of L. *Vincentio.*

Aur. May it please your Grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same: Blest Fortune keeps it.

L. Card. I hear your near him.

Aur. One of his Chamber, my Lord.

Lact. I'd near wish one of her condition nearer,
Then to be one of mine.

L. Card. Your news is pleasing;
Whilst you remain in *Milan*, I request you,
To know the welcome of no house but ours.

Aur. Thanks to your Grace.

L. Card. I'll leave you to confer;
I'll to the Dutchess, and labor her perfection.

Exit Cardinal.

Lact. Then thus begins our conference, I arrest thee
In *Cupids* name, deliver up your weapon,
It is not for your wearing, *Venus* knows it.
Here's a fit thing indeed, nay, Hangers and all,
Away with 'em, out upon 'em, things of trouble,
And out of use with you: Now y'are my prisoner,
And till you swear you love me, all, and onely
You, part not from mine arms.

Aur. I swear it willingly.

Lact. And that you do renounce the Generals love
That heretofore laid claim to you.

Aur. My heart bids me
You need not teach me, that my eye ne'r knew
A perfect choice, till it stood blest with you.
There's yet a rival, whom you little dream of,
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too, I hate him.
I'll thrust 'em both together in one Oath,

And

And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women,
To solder up their credits.
Lact. Prethee what's he
Another yet; for laughter sake discover him.
Aur. The Governor of the Fort.
Lact. That old dri'd Neat's tongue.
Aur. A Gentleman after my Fathers relish.

Enter Father and Governor.

Father. By your kinde favors Gentlemen,
Aur. O my Father,
We are both betray'd.
Lact. Peace, you may prove too fearful.
To whom your business Sir.
Fath. To the Lord Cardinal,
If it would please your self, or that yong Gentleman,
To grace me with admittance.
Lact. I will see Sir,
The Gentlemans a stranger, new come o'er.
He understands you not — *Loff tro veen, Tantumbro, Hoff Tufftee*
Locumber shaw.
Aur. Quisquimken, sapadlaman, Fool-urchin old Astrata.
Father. Nay, and that be the Language, we can speak't too: *Strumpettikin,*
Bold Harlottum Queaninisma, Whoremongeria.
Shame to thy Sex, and sorrow to thy Father.
Is this a shape for reputation?
And modesty to mask in? Thou too cunning
For credulous goodness.
Did not a reverent respect and honor
That's due unto the Sanctimonious peace
Of this Lords house, restrain my voice and anger,

And

And teach it soft Humility: I would lift
Both your disgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me; but to shame you
I will not cast a blemish upon Vertue.
Call that your happiness, and the dearest too,
That such a bold attempt could ever boast off.
We'll see if a strong Fort can hold you now,
Take her Sir to you.

Gover. How have I deserv'd
The strangeness of this hour?

Father. Talk not so tamely,
For you Sir, thank the reverence of this place,
Or your Hypocrisie I had put out of grace,
I had 'ifaith, if ever I can fit you,
Expect to hear from me. *Exeunt:*

Last. I thank you Sir,
The Cough o'th' Lungs requite you; I could curse him
Into diseases by whole dozens now.
But one's enough to begger him, if he light
Upon a wise Physitian. 'Tis a labor
To keep those little wits I have about me.
Still did I dream that Villain would betray her.
I'll never trust shive with a parboil'd nose again.
I must devise some trick to excuse her absence
Now to my Uncle too; there is no mischeif
But brings one Villain or other still
Ev'n close at heels on't. I'm pain'd at heart:
If ever there were hope of me to die
For love, 'tis now, I never felt such gripings:
If I can scape this Climacterical year,
Women ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear.
Kept with him in the Fort, why there's no hope
Of ever meeting now; my ways not thither,
Love bless us with some means to get together,
And I'll pay all the old rock'nings. *Exit.*

Enter

Scæn. 3. *Enter Dutchess, above, and* Celia.

Dutch. What a contented rest rewards my minde
For faithfulness; I give it Constancy,
And it returns me Peace: How happily
Might woman live, methinks, confin'd within
The knowledge of one Husband?
What comes of more, rather proclaims Desire
Prince of affections, then religious love;
Brings frailty and our weakness into question;
'Mongst our Male enemies, makes Widows tears,
Rather the cup of laughter then of pity?
What credit can our sorrows have with men,
When in some moneths space, they turn light again;
Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,
Or make a Faith as perfect to my self
In resolution, as a vow would come to;
And do as much right so to Constancy,
As strictness could require: For 'tis our goodness,
And not our strength that do's it. I am arm'd now
'Gainst all deserts in man, be't Valor, Wisdom,
Curtesie, Comeliness, nay, Truth it self,
Which seldom keeps him company. I commend
The Vertues highly, as I do an Instrument
When the Case hangs by th'Wall; but man himself
Never comes near my heart.

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L. Card. The blessing of Perfection to your thoughts, Lady,
For I'm resolv'd they are good ones.
Dutch. Honor of greatness,

Friend

Friend to my vow, and Father to my fame,
Welcome, as Peace to Temples.
L. Card. I bring War.
Dutch. How Sir?
L. Card. A harder fight: If now you conquer,
You crown my praises double.
Dutch. What's your aym Sir?
L. Card. To astonish sin, and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodness shine more glorious,
When your fair noble vow show'd you the way
To excellence in vertue, to keep back
The fears that might discourage you at first,
Pitying your strength, it shew'd you not the worst.
'Tis not enough for Tapers to burn bright,
But to be seen, so to lend others light,
Yet not impair themselves, their flame as pure,
As when it shin'd in secret, so t'abide
Temptations, is the Souls flame truly try'd.
I have an ambition, but a vertuous one,
I would have nothing want to your Perfection.
Dutch. Is there a doubt found yet, is it so hard
For woman to recover, with all diligence,
And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
What many of her sex has so long lost:
Can you believe that any sight of man,
Held he the worth of Millions in one spirit,
Had power to alter me.
L. Card: No, there's my hope,
My credit, and my triumph.
Dutch. I'll no more,
Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
Is but a vertue question'd; I'll come forth
And show my self to all, the world shall witness,

That

That like the Sun, my Constancy can look
On Earth's corruptions, and shine clear it self.

L. Card. Hold conqueſt now, and I have all my wiſhes. { *Cornets: And a ſhout within*

Dutch. The meaning of that ſudden ſhout, my Lord.

L. Card. Seignior *Andrugio*, General of the Field,
Succeſsful in his Fortunes, is ariv'd,
And met by all the gallant hopes of *Milan*.
Welcom'd with Laurel wreaths, and Hymns of praiſes.
Vouchſafe but you, to give him the firſt grace Madam,
Of your ſo long hid preſence, he has then
All honors that can bleſs victorious man.

Dutch. You ſhall prevail grave Sir.

Enter Andrugio, *attended with the Nobility and State, like a Victor.*

SONG.

Muſick.

Laurel is a Victors due,
I give it you,
I give it you.
Thy name with praiſe,
Thy brow with bays;
We circle round.
All men rejoyce
With cheerful voice,
To ſee thee like a Conqueror crown'd.

A *Cupid* diſcending, ſings this.

I am a little Conqueror too
For wreaths of bays,

There's

There's Arms of cross,
And that's my due.
I give the flaming heart,
It is my crest.
And by the Mothers side,
The weeping eye,
The sighing breast.
It is not power in you, fair beauties,
If I command Love, 'tis your duties. Ascend.

During these Songs, *Andrugio* peruses a Letter delivered him by a Lord, and then closes with this *Song* below.

Welcome, Welcome, Son of Fame,
Honor triumphs in thy Name.
Exeunt in State.

Lord. Alas poor Gentleman! I brought him news
That like a Cloud spred over all his glories,
When he mist her, whom his eye greedily sought for;
His welcome seem'd so poor, he took no joy in't;
But when he found her, by her Father forc'd
To the old Governors love, and kept so strictly,
A coldness strook his heart; there is no State
So firmly happy, but feels Envies might.
I know *Lactantio*, Nephew to the Cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a Richman death;
And yet his welcome shew'd as fair and friendly,
As his that wore the truest love to him.
When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food. *Exit.*

Celia. Madam, Madam.

Dutch. Bishrew thy heart, do'st thou not see me busie:
You shew your manners.

Celia.

Celia. In the name of Goodness,
What ails my Lady?

Dutch. I confess I'm mortal,
There's no defending on't, 'tis cruel flattery
To make a Lady believe otherways.
Is not this flesh? Can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this; for Love and Death
Are Brothers in this Kingdom, onely Death
Comes by the Mothers side, and that's the surest.
That General is wondrous fortunate,
Has won another field since, and a victory
That credits all the rest: He may more boast on't,
Then of a thousand conquests. I am lost,
Utterly lost, where are my Women now,
Alas what help's in them, what strength have they?
I call to a weak guard, when I call them,
In rescuing me, they'ld be themselves o'er-come,
When I that profest war, am overthrown.
What hope's in them then, that nev'r stir'd from home?
My Faith is gone for ever, my Reputation with the Cardinal,
My Fame, my Praise, my Liberty, my Peace,
Chang'd for a restless Passion: Oh hard spight
To lose my seven years victory at one sight. *Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter* Dondolo, *and the Page with a Shirt.*

Page. I prethee *Dondolo*, take this shirt, and air it a little against my Master rises, I'had rather do any thing then do't y'faith.

Dond. O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intollerable! Are not you big enough to air a shirt; were it a smock now, you liquorish Page, you'ld be hang'd, ere you'ld

you'ld part from't. If thou do'st not prove as arrant a smell-smock, as any the Town affords, in a Term time, I'll lose my judgment in Wenching.

Page. Pish; here *Dondolo*, prethee take it.

Dond. It's no more but up and ride with you then? All my generation were Bedles and Officers; and do you think I'm so easily intreated? you shall finde a harder peece of work (Boy) then you imagine, to get any thing from my hands; I will not disgenerate so much from the nature of my kinred; you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have any thing done, or else you may do't your self. 'Twas just my Fathers humor when he bore office; you know my minde Page, The Song, the Song; I must either have the Song, you sung to my Master last night, when he went to Bed; or I'll not do a stitch of service for you, from one weeks end to the other. As I am a Gentleman, you shall brush Cloaks, make clean Spurs, nay, pull of strait Boots, although in the tugging, you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little Buttocks; I'll take no more pity of your Maribones, then a Butchers Dog of a Rump of Beef; nay, ka me, ka thee, If you will ease the Melancholy of my minde with singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of Boots-haling.

Page. Alas you know I cannot sing.

Dond. Take heed, you may speak at such an hour, that your voice may be clean taken away from you: I have known many a good Gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and have presently gone to Bed, and lay speechless; 'Tis not good to jest, as old *Chaucer* was wont to say, that broad famous English Poet. Cannot you sing say you? Oh that a Boy should so keep out with his Mother, and be given to dissembling.

Page. Faith to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well;
But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

Dond. A pox of skill, give me plain simple cunning: Why should not singing be as well got without skill, as the getting of children; you shall have the arrant'st Fool do as much there, as the wisest Coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of Doctors put to 'em; both the directions of Physitians, and the erections of Pothecaries; you shall have a plain Hobnail'd Countrey-Fellow, marrying some Dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, By'rlady, as the crop falls out; and your nice paling Physicking-Gentlefolks, some one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one, as it should be; the wanting of some Apricock, or something, looses a member on him, or quite spoils it. Come will you sing, that I may warm the shirt; by this light, he shall put it on cold for me else.

Page. A Song or two I learnt, with hearing Gentlewomen practise themselves.

Dond. Come, you are so modest now, 'tis pity that thou was't ever bred to be thrust through a pair of Canions; thou wouldst have made a pretty foolish Waiting-woman, but for one thing. Wil't' sing?

Page. As well as I can *Dondolo.*

Dond. Give me the shirt then, I'll warm't as well I can too.
Why look you Whoreson Cockscomb, this is a smock.

Page. No 'tis my Masters shirt.

Dond. Why that's true too,
Who knows not that; why 'tis the fashion Fool,
All your yong Gallants here of late wear smocks;
Those without Beards especially.

Page.

Page. Why what's the reason Sir.

Dond. Marry very great reason in't: A yong gallant lying a Bed with his Wench, if the Constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for Sisters; and I hope a Constable dare go no further: And as for the knowing of their Heads, that's well enough too; for I know many yong Gentlemen, wear longer hair then their Mistresses.

Page. 'Tis a hot world the whilst:

Dond Nay, that's most certain,
And a most witty age of a bald one; for all Languages y'have many daughters so well brought up, they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turn'd to the Spanish and Italian half a year after.

Page. That's like learning the Grammar first, and the Accidence after;
They go backward so.

Dond. The fitter for the Italian; thou'st no wit Boy,
Hadst had a Tutor, he'ld have taught thee that.
Come, come, that I may be gone Boy:

SONG.

Musick.

Page: CUpid *is* Venus *onely joy*,
But he's a wanton Boy:
A very, very wanton Boy.
He shoots at Ladies naked Breasts;
He is the cause of most mens Crests;
I mean upon the Forehead,
Invisible, but horrid.
Of the short Velvet Mask, he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husband's ne'r the wiser.
'Twas he first thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies Lips in play.

Dond. Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and inticing: Well, go thy ways, for as sweet a Brested Page, as ever lay at his Masters feet in a Truckle-bed.

Page. You'll hie you in straight *Dondolo?* *Exit.*

Dond. I'll not miss you.

This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toste; let me see what's a clock,
I must to th'Castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook: My Master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning.

Exit.

Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

Enter Dutchess and Celia.

Dutch. SEek out the lightest colours can be got;
The youthful'st dressings; Tauny is too sad.
I am not thirty yet, I have wronged my time,
To go so long in black, like a Petitioner.
See that the Powder that I use about me,
Be rich in *Cassia.*

Cel. Here's a sudden change.

Dutch. Oh I'm undone in Faith: Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, Nephew to the Cardinal,
Was present in the late entertainment of the General?

Cel. Upon my reputation with your Excellence,
These eyes beheld him: He came foremost, Madam,
'Twas he in black and yellow.

Dutch. Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself

Or

Or for the affectation of his colours,
So you be sure he was there.
Cel. As sure as sight
Can discern man from man, Madam. *Exit.*
Dutch: It suffices.
Oh an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, I, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame. A Faith once lost,
Requires great cunning, er't be entertain'd
Into the Brest of a belief again.
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any Creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow, she breaks with Heaven:

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L: Card. Increase of health, and a redoubled courage
To Chasteties great Soldier: what so sad Madam?
The memorie of her seven yeares deceased Lord
Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
As at the seaventh houre after his departure:
What a perpetual Fountain is her vertue?
Too much to afflict your self with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requird:
Your vow is charge enough, beleive me 'tis Madam,
You need no waightier task.
Dutch. Religious Sir,
You heard the last words of my dying Lord.
L: Card. Which I shall nev'r forget.
Dutch. May I entreat
Your goodnes but to speake 'em over to me
As neere as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think a while I stand in presence
Of my departing Husband.

L. Card. What's your meaning?
In this most vertuous Madam?
Dutch. 'Tis a curtesie
I stand in need of Sir, at this time specially,
Urge it no further yet; as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me, onely I desire it
Effectually from you Sir, that's my request.
L. Card. I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther.
You shall have your desire.
Dutch. I thank you Sir.
A blessing come along with't.
L. Card. You see my Lords, what all Earths glory is
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time. Beware Ambition,
Heaven is not reach'd with Pride, but with submission,
And you Lord Cardinal labor to perfect
Good purposes begun, be what you seem,
Stedfast, and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain or art,
And not in vesture hollier then in heart.
But 'tis a pain, more then the pangs of death,
To think that we must part, Fellows of life,
Thou richness of my joys, kinde and deer Princess,
Death had no sting, but for our separation,
T'would come more calm then an ev'nings peace,
That brings on rest to labors: Thou art so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy
Unto the man, that ever should enjoy thee:
Oh a new torment strikes his force into me,
When I but think on't, I am rack'd and torn,
Pity me in thy vertues.
Dutch. My lov'd Lord,

Let you confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my Sences,
To draw my affections to a second liking.

L. Card. 'Twas ever been the promise, and the spring
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honorable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a vertue, coming new and fresh;
But second marriage shews desires in flesh:
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows,
But she's part Virgin, who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great Faith,
At my last parting, I can crave no more,
And with thy vow, I rest my self for ever,
My soul and it shall flie to Heaven together:
Seal to my spirit, that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in Peace.

Dutch. Then here I vow, never.

L. Card. Why Madam?

Dutch. I can go no further.

L. Card. What have you forgot your vow?

Dutch. I have, too certainly.

L. Card. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now,
Just where I left.

Dutch. My frailty gets before it,
Nothing prevails but ill.

L. Card. What ail you Madam?

Dutch. Sir, I'm in love.

L. Card. Oh all you powers of Chastity,
Look to this woman, let her not faint now
For honor of your selves: If she be lost,
I know not where to seek my hope in woman.
Madam, Oh Madam.

Dutch. My desires are sickned
Beyond recovery of good counsel Sir.

L. Card. What mischief ow'd a malice to the Sex,
To work this spightful ill; better the man
Had never known Creation, then to live
Th'unlucky ruine of so fair a Temple;
Yet think upon your vow, revive in Faith,
Those are eternal things. What are all pleasures,
Flatteries of men, and Follies upon Earth
To your most excellent goodness? Oh she's dead,
Stark cold to any vertuous claim within her.
What now is heat, is sins. Have I approved
Your constancy for this, call'd your Faith noble,
Writ volumes of your victories and vertues?
I have undone my judgment, lost my praises,
Blemish'd the truth of my opinion.
Give me the man, that I may pour him out
To all contempt and curses.

Dutch. The mans innocent,
Full of desert and grace, his name *Lactantio.*

L. Card. How?

Dutch. Your Nephew.

L. Card. My Nephew!

Dutch. Beshrew the sight of him; he lives not Sir,
That could have conquer'd me, himself excepted.

L. Card. He that I lov'd so dearly, does he wear
Such killing poyson in his eye to sanctity?
He has undone himself for ever by't,
Has lost a friend of me, and a more sure one.
Farewel all natural pitty, though my affection
Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,
I'll lose him now eternally, and strive
To live without him; he shall straight to *Rome.*

Dutch.

Dutch. Not if you love my health, or life, my Lord.

L. Card. This day he shall set forth:

Dutch. Dispatch me rather.

L. Card. I'll send him far enough.

Dutch. Send me to death first.

L. Card. No Basilisk that strikes dead pure affection
With venemous eye, lives under my protection. *Exit.*

Dutch. Now my conditions worse then ev'r 'twas yet,
My cunning takes not with him: Has broke through
The Net, that with all art was set for him,
And left the snarer here herself intangled
With her own toils. Oh what are we poor souls,
When our dissembling fails us? Surely Creatures
As full of want, as any Nation can be
That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em:
Had this but took effect, what a fair way
Had I made for my love to th' General,
And cut of all suspect, all reprehension?
My hopes are kill'd i'th' blossom. *Exit.*

Scæn: 3. *Enter L. Cardinal.*

L. Card. Let me think upon't,
Set holy anger by a while, there's time
Allow'd for natural argument: 'Tis she
That loves my Nephew, she that loves, loves first;
What cause have I to lay a blame on him then?
He's in no fault in this; say 'twas his fortune
At the free entertainment of the General,
'Mongst others the deserts and hopes of *Milan*,
To come into her sight, where's th'offence yet?
What sin was that in him? man's sight and presence

Are

Are free to publick view: She might as well
Have fixed her hearts love then upon some other,
I would t'had lighted any where but there,
Yet I may erre to wish't, since it appears
The hand of Heaven, that onely pickt him out
To reward vertue in him by this Fortune,
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now,
I love his good, as dearly as her vow,
Yet there my credit lives in works and praises:
I never found a harder fight within me,
Since zeal first taught me war, say I should labor
To quench this love, and so quench life and all;
As by all likelihood it would prove her death:
For it must needs be granted, she affects him
As dearly, as the power of love can force,
Since her vow aws her not, that was her Saint.
What right could that be to Religion
To be her end, and dispoſes my Kinsman;
No I will bear in pity to her heart,
The rest commend to Fortune, and my Art. *Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter Father, Governor,* Aurelia, *and* Andrugio *disguised.*

Gover. I like him passing well:
Fath. He's a tall fellow.
Andr. A couple of tall wits: I have seen some service Sir.
Gover. Nay so it seems by thy discourse good-fellow.
Andr. Good-fellow, calls me theif familiarly:
I could shew many marks of resolution,
But modesty could wish'em rather hidden:
I fetcht home three and twenty wounds together
In one set battel, where I was defeated
At the same time of the third part of my Nose,

But

But meeting with a skilful Surgeon;
Took order for my snuffling.
Gover. And a Nose
Well heal'd, is counted a good cure in these days,
It saves many a mans honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspition.
This night shall bring you acquainted with your charge;
In the mean time you and your valors welcome.
Would we had more store of you, although they come
With fewer marks about 'em.
Fath. So wish I Sir. *Exeunt Father and Governor.*
Andr. I was about to call her; and she stays
Of her own gift, as if she knew my minde;
Certain she knows me not, not possible.
Aur. What if I left my token, and my Letter
With this strange fellow, so to be convey'd
Without suspition to *Lactantio's* servant:
Not so, I'll trust no fresh-man with such secrets;
His ignorance may mistake, and giv't to one
That may belong to th'General; for I know
He sets some spies about me, but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains. I would *Lactantio*
Would seek some means to free me from this place,
'Tis prisonment enough to be a Maid;
But to be mew'd up too, that case is hard,
As if a Toy were kept, by a double guard.
Andr. Away she steals again, not minding me.
'Twas not at me she offer'd: Hark you Gentlewoman.
Aur. With me Sir?
Andr. I could call you by your name;
But Gentle's the best attribute to woman.
Aur. *Andrugio*, Oh as welcome to my Lips,
As morning Dew to Roses: My first love.

Andr.

Andr. Why have you more then?
Aur. What a word was there?
More then thy self, what woman could desire
If reason had a part of her Creation?
For loving you, you see Sir I'm a prisoner;
There's all the cause they have against me Sir.
A happy persecution, I so count on't,
If any thing be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me.
Andr. Are you not abus'd,
Either through force, or by your own consent;
Hold you your honor perfect and unstain'd;
Are you the same still, that at my departure,
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?
Aur: The same most just.
Andr. Swear 't.
Aur: By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage.
Andr. I am confirm'd, and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom.
Aur. Oh you flatter me,
It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction.
Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't;
'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast.
My freedom said you?
Andr. Do'st o'rcome you so?
Aur. Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly, then this sweet news my heart.
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't.
Andr. Violence I will not use, I come a friend,
'Twere madness to force that, which wit can end:
Aur. Most vertuously deliver'd:
Andr. Thou art in raptures:
Aur. My love, my love.

Andr.

Andr. Most vertuously deliver'd,
Spoke like the sister of a Puritan Midwife:
Will you embrace the means that I have thought on,
With all the speed you can?
Aur. Sir any thing.
You cannot name't too dangerous, or too homely.
Andr. Fie, you over-act your happiness,
You drive slight things to wonders.
Aur. Blame me not Sir,
You know not my affection:
Andr. Will you hear me,
There are a sect of pilfring juggling people,
The vulgar tongue call Gipseys.
Aur. True, the same Sir.
I saw the like this morning: Say no more Sir;
I apprehend you fully:
Andr. What, you do not?
Aur. No: Hark you Sir.
Andr. Now by this light 'tis true.
Sure if you prove as quick as your conceit,
You'll be an exc'lent breeder.
Aur. I should do reason by the Mothers side Sir,
If Fortune do her part, in a good Getter.
Andr. That's not to do now (sweet) the man stands near thee.
Aur. Long may he stand most fortunately Sir,
Whom her kinde goodness has appointed for me.
Andr. A while I'll take my leave to avoid suspition:
Aur. I do commend your course; good Sir forget me not:
Andr. All comforts sooner.
Aur. Liberty is sweet, Sir.
Andr. I know there's nothing sweeter, next to love,
But health it self, which is the Prince of life.
Aur. Your knowledge raise you Sir.
Andr. Farewel till evening. *Exit Andrugio.*

Aur

Aur. And after that, farewel sweet Sir for ever.

A good kinde Gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting: I have chose a Stuff
Will wear out two of him, and one finer too:
I like not him that has two Mistresses;
War, and his sweet-heart, he can ne'r please both:
And War's a soaker, she's no friend to us,
Turns a man home sometimes to his Mistress,
Some forty ounces poorer then he went.
All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,
Seer-cloth, and Salve, and lies you all in Tents,
Like your Camp-Victlers: Out upon't, I smile
To think how I have fitted him with an office;
His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
Much like your man that labors to get treasure,
To keep his wife high for anothers pleasure. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Enter Lactantio, *and Page.*

Page. THink of your shame and mine.

Lact. I prethee peace,
Thou art th'unfortunat'st peece of taking business,
That ever man repented, when day peep'd;
I'll ne'r keep such a peece of Touch-wood again,
And I were rid of thee once. Welfare those
That never sham'd their Master, I have had such,
And I may live to see the time again;
I do not doubt on't.

Page. If my too much kindness
Receive your anger onely for reward,

The

The harder is my fortune, I must tell you Sir,
To stir your care up to prevention,
(Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings)
When I left all my friends in *Mantua*,
For your loves sake alone, then with strange oaths
You promis'd present marriage.
Lact. With strange oaths quoth' a,
They're not so strange to me, I have sworn the same things,
I am sure forty times over; not so little.
I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing.
Page. You see 'tis high time now Sir.
Lact. Yes, yes, yes,
Marriage is nothing with you; a toy till death.
If I should marry all those I have promis'd,
'Twould make one Vicar hoarse, ere he could dispatch us:
I must devise some shift, when she grows big,
Those Masculine Hose will shortly prove too little;
What if she were convey'd to Nurses house;
A good sure old Wench; and she'ld love the childe well,
Because she suckl'd the Father: No ill course
By my Mortality, I may hit worse.

Enter *Dondolo.*

Now *Dondolo*, the news.
Dond. The news:
Lact. How do's she?
Dond. Soft, soft Sir, you'l think 'tis nothing to get news out o'th' Castle;
I was there.
Lact. Well Sir.
Dond. As you know a merry fellow may pass any where.

Lact.

Lact. So Sir.

Dond. Never in better fooling in my life.

Lact. What's this to th' purpose?

Dond. Nay 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's certain.

Lact. How Wretched this slave makes me! Didst not see her?

Dond. I saw her.

Lact. Well, what said she then?

Dond. Not a word Sir.

Lact. How, not a word?

Dond. Proves her the better Maid;
For Virgins should be seen more then they'r heard.

Lact. Exceeding good Sir; you are no sweet villain.

Dond. No Faith Sir; for you keep me in foul Linnen.

Lact. Turn'd scurvy rimer are you?

Dond. Not scurvy neither,
Though I be somewhat itchy in the profession;
If you could hear me out with patience, I know her minde
As well as if I were in her belly:

Lact. Thou saidst ev'n now, she never spake a word:

Dond. But she gave certain signs, and that's as good.

Lact. Canst thou conceive by signs?

Dond. Oh passing well Sir,
Ev'n from an Infant; did you nev'r know that?
I was the happiest childe in all our Country,
I was born of a dumb woman.

Lact. How?

Dond. Stark dumb Sir: My Father had a rare bargain of her, a rich peniworth; there would have been but too much money given for her. A Justice

of

of Peace was about her, but my Father being then Constable, carried her before him.

Lact. Well since we are entred into these dumb shews,
What were the signs she gave you?

Dond. Many and good, Sir.
Imprimis, she first gap'd, but that I ghess'd
Was done for want of air, cause she's kept close;
But had she been abroad, and gapt as much,
T'had been another case; then cast she up
Her pretty eye, and wink'd; the word me thought was then
Come not till twitter light: Next, thus her fingers went,
As who should say, I'd fain have a hole broke to 'scape away.
Then look'd upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
As who should say, The hour will come Sweet-heart
That I shall make two Noddies of my Keepers.

Lact. A third of thee. Is this your Mother tongue?
My hopes are much the wiser for this Language,
There is no such curse in love to an arrant Ass.

Dond O yes, Sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worse. You nev'r lin railing on me, from one weeks end to another: But you can keep a little Tit-mouse Page there, that's good for nothing, but to carry Tooth-picks, put up your Pipe or so, that's all he's good for; he cannot make him ready as he should do, I am fain to truss his points ev'ry morning. Yet the proud scornful Ape, when all the lodgings were taken up with strangers th'other night, he would not suffer me to come to Bed to him, but kickt and prickt, and pinch'd me, like an Urchin; there's no good quality in him. Oh my Conscience, I think he scarce knows how to stride a Horse; I saw him with a little hunting Nag, but thus high t'other day, and he

was fain to lead him to a high rail, and get up like a Butter-wench; there's no good Fellowship in this Dandiprat, this Dive-dapper, as is in other Pages; they'd go a swimming with me familiarly i'th' heat of Summer, and clap what you call 'ems: But I could never get that little Monkey yet to put off his Breeches. A tender, puling, nice, chitty fac'd Squal 'tis.

Lact. Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,
And most distress'd, that must make use of Fools.

Dond. Fool to my face still! that's unreasonable; I will be a knave one day for this trick,
Or it shall cost me a fall, though it be from a Gibbet,
It has been many a proper mans last leap.
Nay sure I'll be quite out of the precincts of a Fool, if I live but two days to an end: I will turn Gipsey presently, and that's the high-way to the dantiest knave that ever Mothe's Son took journey too. Oh those dear Gipseys, they live the merriest lives, eat sweet stoln Hens, pluckt over Pales or Hedges by a twitch; they are nev'r without a plump and lovely Goose, or beautiful Sow-pig; those things I saw with mine own eyes to day; they call those vanities, and trifling pilfries: But if a privy search were made amongst 'em, they should finde other manner of ware about 'em; Cups, Rings, and Silver Spoons, by'r Lady, Bracelets, Pearl Neck-laces, and Chains of Gold sometimes; they are the wittiest theeves: I'll stay no longer, but ev'n go look what I can steal, now presently, and so begin to bring my self acquainted with 'em. *Exit:*

Lact. Nothing I fear so much, as in this time
Of my dull absence, her first love, the General
Will wind himself into her affection,
By secret gifts and Letters; there's the mischief;
I have no enemy like him, though my policy

Dissembled

Dissembled him a welcome, no mans hate
Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease,
Then mine to him.

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L. Card. What ails this pretty Boy to weep so often?
Tell me the cause childe; how his eyes stand full!
Beshrew you Nephew, you're too bitter to him;
He is so soft, th'unkindness of a word
Melts him into a woman; 'las poor Boy,
Thou shalt not serve him longer; 'twere great pity
That thou shouldst wait upon an angry Master.
I have promis'd thee to one will make much of thee,
And hold thy weak youth in most deer respect.

Page. Oh I beseech your Grace, that I may serve
No Master else.

L. Card. Thou shalt not: Mine's a Mistress,
The greatest Mistress in all *Milan*, Boy;
The Dutchess self.

Page. Nor her, nor any.

L. Card. Cease Boy,
Thou knowest not thine own happiness, through fondness,
And therefore must be learn't; go dry thine eyes.

Page. This rather is the way to make 'em moister.

Exit Page.

L. Card. Now Nephew, Nephew.

Lact. Oh y'have snatcht my spirit Sir,
From the divinest Meditation
That ever made Soul happy.

L. Card. I am afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now,
As I had pains to keep her off from him,
I have thought it fit Nephew, considering

The present barrenness of our name and house,
(The onely Famine of succeeding honor)
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.
Lact. How Sir, to marriage?
L. Card. Yes, to a fruitful life;
We must not all be strict, so generation
Would lose her right; thou'rt yong, 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my life time.
Lact. Does your Grace well remember who I am,
When you speak this?
L. Card. Yes, very perfectly;
Y'are a yong man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
And for affection, pregnant.
Lact. I beseech you Sir,
Take off your praises, rather then bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use; alas you know Sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of;
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoun; take her away
For contemplation's sake; most serious Uncle,
Name no such thing to me.
L. Card. Come, come you'r fond:
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass. There's honest love
Allow'd you now for recreation;
The years will come when all delights must leave you.
Stick close to Vertue then; in the mean time
There's honorable joys to keep youth company;
And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You'r out of his eternal reach, defie him.
List hither, come to me, and with great thankfulness,
Welcome thy Fortunes; 'tis the Dutchess loves thee.

Lact.

Lact. The Dutchess!

L. Card. Dotes on thee: Will die for thee,
Unless she may enjoy thee.

Lact. She must die then.

L. Card How?

Lact. Alas, do you think she ever means to do't Sir?
I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks,
Then that she'll die for love: She has a vow my Lord,
That will keep life in her.

L. Card. Believe me then,
That should have bounteous interest in thy Faith,
She's thine, and not her vows, the more my sorrow,
My toil, and my destruction.

Lact. My blood dances.

L. Card. And though that bashful Maiden vertue in thee,
That never held familiar league with woman,
Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee.
Let me prevail, my counsel stands up to thee;
Embrace it as the fulness of thy Fortunes,
As if all blessings upon Earth were clos'd
Within one happiness; for such an other
Whole life could never meet with; go and present
Your service, and your love, but on your hopes
Do it religiously: What need I doubt him,
Whom Chastity locks up?

Lact. Oh Envy, hadst thou no other means to come by vertue,
But by such treachery! The Dutchess love!
Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough,
Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else.

Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil:
I'll teach my heart in all t'obey your will.

Enter Lords.

L. Card. A thing you shall not lose by. Here come the Lords,
Go follow you the course that I advised you;
The comfort of thy presence is expected;
Away with speed to Court, she languishes
For one deer sight of thee: For life's sake haste,
You lose my favor if you let her perish.

Last. And art thou come brave Fortune, the reward
Of neat hypocrisie, that ever book't it,
Or turn'd up transitory white o'th' eye
After the Feminine rapture: Dutchess and I
Were a fit match, can be deny'd of no man;
The best dissembler lights on the best woman;
'Twere sin to part us. *Exit.*

L. Card. You Lights of State, Truths Friends, much honored Lords,
Faithful admirers of our Dutchess vertues,
And firm Believers; it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with womans frailty, and her blood,
Nor publick sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means; she's the same still,
And seems so seriously imploy'd in soul,
As if she could not tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man.

It merits famous memory I confess;
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the lost hopes of posterity,
Succession, and the royal fruits of Beauty,
All by the rashness of one vow made desperate,
It goes so near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others sleep unmov'd.

1 *Lord.* I speak it faithfully,
For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease,
Your Grace has not endured that pain alone;
T'has been a grief of mine, but where's the remedy?

L. Card. True, there your Lordship spake enough in little;
There's nothing to be hoped for but repulses;
She's not to seek for armor against love,
That has bid battel to his powers so long;
He that should try her now, had need come strong,
And with more force then his own Arguments,
Or he may part disgrac'd, being put to flight;
That Soldier's tough, has been in seven years fight,
Her vow's invincible; for you must grant this,
If those desires train'd up in flesh and blood
To war continually 'gainst good intents,
Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
Both of her sex, and her unskilfulness
At a Spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge
To manage resolution, and yet win;
What force can a poor Argument bring in?
The Books that I have publish'd in her praise,
Commend her constancy, and that's Fame-worthy;
But if you read me o'r with eyes of enemies,
You cannot justly, and with honor tax me,
That I dissuade her life from marriage there.
Now Heaven, and fruitfulness forbid, not I:
She may be constant there, and the hard war

Of Chastity, is held a vertuous strife,
As rare in marriage, as in single life;
Nay, by some writers rarer; hear their reasons,
And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's single,
Either in Maid or Widow, oftentimes
The fear of shame, more then the fear of Heaven,
Keeps chaste, and constant; when the tempest comes
She knows she has no shelter for her sin,
It must endure the weathers of all censure:
Nothing but Sea and Air, that poor Bark feels,
When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel
That lies at anchor; come what weathers can,
She has her Harbor: At her great unlading,
Much may be stoln, and little waste; the Master
Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
And holds content by that. How think you now Lords?
If she that might offend safe, does not erre,
What's chaste in others, is most rare in her.

2 Lord. What wisdom but approves it?

1 Lord. But my Lord,
This should be told to her it concerns most;
Pity such good things should be spoke and lost.

L. Card. That were the way to lose 'em utterly,
You quite forget her vow; yet now I think on't,
What is that vow? 'Twas but a thing inforc'd,
Was it not Lords?

1 Lord. Meerly compell'd indeed.

L. Card. Onely to please the Duke, and forced vertue
Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepar'd for't:
What have we done, my Lords? I fear we have sin'd
In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
In cherishing her will; for womans goodness
Takes counsel of that first, and then determines.

She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
If she persever; rather obstinate,
The Vow appearing forced, as it proves,
Try'd by our purer thoughts: The grace and triumph
Of all her victories, are but idle glories;
She wilful, and we enemies to succession.
I will not take rest, till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep.
Lords. And we'll all second you, my Lord.
L. Card. Agreed.
We'll knit such knots of Arguments so fast,
All wit in her shall not undo in haste.
2 *Lord.* Nay sure, I think all we shall be too hard for her,
Else she's a huge wilde Creature.
1 *Lord.* If we win,
And she yeild marriage, then will I strike in. *Exeunt:*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Dutchess and* Celia.

Dutch. Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely:
Lactantio Nephew to the Cardinal,
The Generals secret enemy?
Cel. Most true Madam,
I had it from a Gentleman, my Kinsman,
That knows the best part of *Lactantio*'s bosom.
Dutch. It happens passing fortunately, to save
Imployment in another; he will 'come now
A necessary property: he may thank
The need and use we have of him for his welcome.
Now who's that knocks? *Knocks within.*
Cel. Madam, 'tis he, with speed:
I thought he had brought his horse to th' Chamber door,

He

He made such haste and noise.

Dutch. Admit him prethee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret:

Cel. Take life away from't, when it fails you Madam. *Exit.*

Enter Lactantio.

Dutch. Enough; I know thee wise.
He comes with haste indeed: Are you come now Sir?
You should have staid yet longer, and have found me
Dead, to requite your haste.

Lact. Love bless you better Madam.

Dutch. Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me,
The cause of my vows breach, my honor's enemy;
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years conquest with his name?
This is a force of Love was never felt;
But I'll not grudge at Fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully: Here, seise upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, I, and thank my Stars,
For w'are all subject to the chance of wars.

Lact. We are so, yet take comfort vanquish'd Dutchess,
I'll use you like an honorable prisoner,
You shall be entreated; day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me;
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And for your fare 't' shall be no worse then mine.

Dutch. Nay then I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that ows no malice, and that's well Sir;

You

You cannot say so much for your part, can you?
Lact. Faith all that I ow, is to one man, Madam,
And so can few men say: Marry that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it, 'tis a stinger.
Dutch. What is he that shall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendship, if he be a servant
And subject to our Law?
Lact. Yes, trust me Madam,
Of a vilde fellow, I hold him a true subject;
There's many arrant knaves, that are good subjects,
Some for their livings sakes, some for their lives,
That will unseen, eat men, and drink their wives.
Dutch. They are as much in fault that know such people,
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of Justice.
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further; I will order him
To your hearts wishes, load him with disgraces,
That your revenge shall rather pity him,
Then wish more weight upon him.
Lact. Say you so Madam!
Here's a blest hour, that feeds both love and hate;
Then take thy time brave malice: Vertuous Princess,
The onely enemy that my veng'ance points to,
Lives in *Andrugio.*
Dutch. What the General?
Lact. That's the man, Madam.
Dutch. Are you serious Sir?
Lact. As at my prayers.
Dutch. We meet happily then
In both our wishes; he's the onely man
My will has had a longing to disgrace,
For divers capital contempts; my memory
Shall call 'em all together now; nay Sir,

I'll

I'll bring his faith in War, now into question,
And his late conference with th'enemy.
Lact. By'r Lady a shrewd business, and a danger-
ous.
Seignior, your neck's a cracking.
Dutch. Stay, stay Sir, take Pen and Ink.
Lact. Here's both, and Paper, Madam.
Dutch. I'll take him in a fine trap.
Lact. That were exc'llent.
Dutch. A Letter so writ, would abuse him strangely.
Lact. Good Madam, let me understand your
minde,
And then take you no care for his abusing,
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair
Most true Orthography, and observe my stops.
Dutch. Stay, stay a while,
You do not know his hand.
Lact. A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own. I could go near it Madam.
Dutch. Marry and shall.
Lact. We were once great together,
And writ Spanish Epistles one to another,
To exercise the Language.
Dutch. Did you so?
It shall be a bold Letter of temptation
With his name to't, as writ, and sent to me.
Lact. Can be no better Lady; stick there Madam,
Ank never seek further.
Dutch. Begin thus: Fair Dutchess, say:
We must use flattery, if we imitate man,
'Twill nev'r be thought his Pen else.
Lact. Most fair Dutchess.
Dutch. What need you have put in most, yet
since 'tis in,
Let 't ev'n go on, few women would finde fault
with't;

We all love to be best, but seldom mend:
Go on Sir.

Lact. Most fair Dutchess! Here's an admiration point.

Dutch. The report of your vow shall not fear me.

Lact. Fear me: Two stops at fear me.

Dutch. I know y'are but a woman.

Lact. But a woman; a comma at woman.

Dutch. And what a woman is, a wiseman knows.

Lact. Wise-man knows: A Full-prick there.

Dutch. Perhaps my condition may seem blunt to you.

Lact. Blunt to you: A comma here again.

Dutch. But no mans love can be more sharp set.

Lact. Sharp set, there a colon; for colon is sharp set oftentimes.

Dutch. And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.

Lact. Skill at that weapon: A Full-prick here, at weapon.

Dutch. So, that will be enough: Subscribe it thus now.

One that vows service to your affections: Seignior such a one.

Lact. Seignior *Andrugio*: *G.* that stands for General.

Dutch. And you shall stand for Goose-cap: Give me that,

Betake you to your business; speedily Sir,
We give you full authority from our person,
In right of Reputation, Truth, and Honor,
To take a strong Guard, and attach his body.
That done, to bring him presently before us,
Then we know what to do.

Lact.

Lact. My hate findes wings,
Mans spirit flies swift to all revengeful things. *Exit.*

Dutch. Why here's the happiness of my desires,
The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought;
His state is like the world's condition right,
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth;
And whil'st one toils, another gets the wealth.
Exit.

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter Andrugio.

Andr. NOw Fortune shew thy self the Friend of Love,
Make her way plain, and safe; cast all their eyes
That guard the Castle, into a thicker blindness then thine own,
Darker then Ignorance or Idolatry,
That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
And by her freedom set my comforts free.
This is the place appointed for our meeting,
Yet comes she, I am coveteous of her sight;
That Gipsey habit alters her so far
From knowledge that our purpose cannot erre;
She might have been here now, by this time largely
And much to spare: I would not miss her now
In this plight, for the loss of a years joy.
She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where,
Or which way to bestow her self through fear.

nter

Enter Lactantio *with a Guard.*

Lact. Close with him Gentlemen. In the Dutchess name
We do attach your body.
Andr. How, my body!
What means this rudeness?
Lact. You adde to your offences,
Calling that rudeness, that is fair command,
Immaculate Justice, and the Dutchess pleasure.
Andr. Seignior *Lactantio*, Oh are you the Speaker?
Lact. I am what I am made.
Andr. Shew me my crime.
Lact. I fear you'll have too many shewn you Sir.
Andr. The Father of untruths possesses thy spirit,
As he commands thy tongue: I defie fear,
But in my love, it onely settles there.
Lact. Bring him along.
Andr. Let Laws severest browe
Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
A shame to thee, and all my enemies:
Lact. Y'are much the happier man.
Andr. Oh my hard crosses!
Grant me the third part of one hours stay.
Lact. Sir, not a minute.
Andr. Oh she's lost.
Lact. Away. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Aurelia *like a Gipsey.*

Aur. I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me,
This shape's too cunning for 'em; all the sport was

The

The Porter would needs know his fortune of me
As I past by him: 'Twas such a plunge to me,
I knew not how to bear my self; at last
I did resolve of somewhat, look'd in's hand,
Then shook my head, bad him make much on's eyes,
He would lose his sight clean, long before he dies;
And so away went I, he lost the sight of me quickly.
I told him his fortune truer for nothing, then some
Of my Complexion, that would have couzen'd him
of his money.
This is the place of meeting; where's this man now,
That has took all this care and pains for nothing?
The use of him is at the last cast now,
Shall onely bring me to my former face again,
And see me somewhat cleanlier at his cost,
And then farewel *Andrugio*; when I am handsome
I'm for another straight: I wonder troth
That he would miss me thus, I could have took
Many occasions besides this, to have left him,
I'm not in want, he need not give me any;
A womans will has still enough to spare
To help her friends, and need be: What, not yet?
What will become of me in this shape then?
If I know where to go, I'm no dissembler;
And I'll not lose my part in one woman so,
For such a triffle, to forswear my self.
But comes he not indeed?

Enter Dondolo.

Dond: Oh ex'lent, by this light here's one of them. I thank my Stars: I learnt that phrase in the Half-Moon Tavern. By your leave good Gipsey, I pray how far off is your company?

Aur. Oh happiness! This is the merry Fellow
My love Seignior *Lactantio* takes delight in;

I'll

I'll send him away speedily, with the news
Of my so strange and fortunate escape,
And he'll provide my safety at an instant.
My friend, thou serv'st Seignior *Lactantio.*

Dond. Who I serve? Gipsey, I scorn your motion; and if the rest of your company give me no better words, I will hinder 'em the stealing of more Pully then fifty Poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their Pig-booties; they shall travel like Jews, that hate Swines flesh, and never get a Sowe by th'ear all their life time. I serve *Lactantio?* I scorn to serve any Body, I am more Gipsey-minded then so; though my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were ript up, you shall finde my heart as black as any parch about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a theif, as the proudest of your company, I'll except none: I am run away from my Master in the state of a Fool, and till I be a perfect knave, I never mean to return again.

Aur. I'm nev'r the happier for this Fortune now, It did but mock me.

Dond. Here they come: Here they come.

Enter a company of Gipseys, Men and Women, with Booties of Hens, and Ducks, &c. singing.

Musick.

SONG.

Cap. *Come my dainty Doxes,*
My Dells, my Dells most deer.
We have neither House nor Land,
Yet never want good cheer.
All. *We never want good cheer.*

Cap. *We take no care for Candle, Rents,*
2: *We lie.*
3. *We snort.*
Cap. *We sport in Tents.*
Then rouze betimes, and steal our dinners.
Our store is never taken
Without Pigs, Hens, or Bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners:
At Wakes and Fairs we cozen,
Poor Country folks by dozen,
If one have money, he disburses,
Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses:
Rather then be out of use
We'll steal Garters, Hose, or Shoes,
Boots, or Spurs with gingling Rowels,
Shirts or Napkins, Smocks or Towels.
Come live with us, come live with us,
All you that love your eases;
He that's a Gipsey,
May be drunk or tipsey,
At what hour he pleases.
All. *We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle.*
We cheat, we drab, we filtch, we shuffle.

Dond. Oh sweet! they deserve to be hang'd for ravishing of me.
Aur. What will become of me, if I seem fearful now,
Or offer sudden flight? then I betray my self;
I must do neither.
Cap. Gipsi. *Ousabel, camcheteroon, puscatelion, howsf-drows.*
2. *Rumbos stragadelion*
Alla piskitch in Sowsf-clows.
Oh, Oh!

Dond.

Dond. *Pis-Kitch in howse-clout.*
I shall nev'r keep a good tongue in my head, till I get this Language.

Cap. *Umbra fill kevolliden, magro-pye.*

Dond. He calls her Magot o' pie.

Aur. I love your Language well, but understand it not.

Cap. *Hah.*

Aur. I am but lately turn'd to your profession,
Yet from my youth, I ever lov'd it deerly,
But never could attain to't: Steal I can;
It was a thing I ever was brought up to,
My Father was a Miller, and my Mother
A Taylors widow.

Dond. She's a theif on both sides.

Cap. Give me thy hand, thou art no Bastard born,
We have not a more true bred theif amongst us.

All. Not any Captain.

Dond. I pray take me into some grace amongst you too, for though I claim no goodness from my parents to help me forward into your Society, I had two Uncles that were both hang'd for robberies, if that will serve your turn, and a brave cut-purse to my Cozen-german: If kinred will be taken, I am as neer a kin to a theif as any of you that had Fathers and Mothers.

Cap. What is it thou requirest, noble Cozen?

Dond. Cozen! nay, and we be so near a kin already, now we are sober, we shall be sworn Brothers when we are drunk: The naked truth is Sir, I would be made a Gipsey as fast as you could devise.

Cap. A Gipsey!

Dond. I with all the speed you can Sir; the very sight of those stoln Hens, eggs me forward horribly

Cap. Here's dainty Ducks too Boy.

Dond. I see 'em but too well; I would they were all rotten rosted, and stuft with Onions.

Cap. Lov'st thou the common food of *Egypt*, Onions?

Dond. I, and Garlick too: I have smelt out many a Knave by't; but I could never smell mine own breath yet, and that's many a mans fault; he can smell out a Knave in another sometimes three yards off, yet his Nose standing so nigh his mouth, he can never smell out himself.

Cap. A pregnant Gipsey.

All. A most witty sinner.

Cap. Stretch forth thy hand Coz; art thou fortunate?

Dond. How? fortunate! nay, I cannot tell that my self; wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have sometimes found money in old shooes, but if I had not stoln more then I have found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheek'd fortune on't.

Cap. Here's a fair Table.

Dond. I, so has many a man, that has given over house-keeping, a fair Table, when there's neither cloth, nor meat upon't.

Cap. What a brave line of life's here, look you Gipseys.

Dond. I have known as brave a live end in a halter.

Cap. But thou art born to pretious fortune.

Dond. The Devil I am.

Cap. *Bette, Bucketto.*

Dond. How, to beat Bucks?

Cap. *Stealee Bacono.*

Dond. Oh, to steal Bacon, that's the better fortune o'th' two indeed.

Cap. Thou wilt be shortly Captain of the Gipseys.

Dond.

Dond. I would you'ld make me Corporal i'th' mean time;
Or Standard-bearer to the Womens Regiment.

Cap. Much may be done for love.

Dond. Nay here's some money: I know an Office comes not all for love; a Pox of your Lime-twigs, you hav't all already.

Cap. It lies but here in cash for thine own use Boy.

Dond. Nay an't lie there once, I shall hardly come to the fingring on't in haste; yet make me an apt Scholler, and I care not: Teach me but so much Gipsey, to steal as much more from another, and the Devil do you good of that.

Cap. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires:
First, here's a Girl for thy desires,
This Doxey fresh, this new come Dell
Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell:
Get me Gipseys brave and tauny;
With Cheek full plump, and Hip full brauny.
Look you prove industrious dealers
To serve the Commonwealth with stealers,
That th'unhous'd race of Fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat Town-dwellers;
Or to our universal grief,
Leave Country Fairs without a Theif.
This is all you have to do,
Save ev'ry hour a filch or two,
Be it money, cloth or pullen,
When the ev'nings browe looks sullen.
Loose no time, for then 'tis pretious,
Let your sleights be fine, facetious;
Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee
With rusty Bacon, thus I Gipsifie thee.

Dond. Do you use to do't with Bacon,

Cap. Evermore:

Dond. By this light, the Rats will take me now for some Hogs Cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep; I shall have nev'r a bit left by to morrow morning; and lying open mouth'd as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a Mouse-trap baited with Bacon.

Cap. Why here's a face like thine, so done,
Onely grain'd in by the Sun, and this, and these.

Dond. Faith, then there's a company of Bacon faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number: We are a kinde of conscionable people, and 'twere well thought upon for to steal Bacon, and black our faces with't; Tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

Cap. Wit whether wilt thou?

Dond. Marry to the next pocket I can come at; and if it be a Gentlemans, I wish a whole quarters rent in't: Is this my in dock, out nettle. What's Gipsey for her?

Cap. Your doxey she.

Dond. Oh right, are you my doxey sirra.

Aur. I'll be thy doxey, and thy dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal:
From Fair to Fair, from Wake to Wake,
I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.

Dond. Oh dainty fine doxey; she speaks the Language as familiarly already, as if sh'ad been begot of a Canter. I pray Captain, what's gipsey for the hind quarter of a Woman?

Cap. Nosario.

Dond. Nosario: Why what's gipsey for my Nose then?

Cap. Why *Arsinio.*

Dond. Arsinio? Faith 'me thinks you might have devised a sweeter word for't.

Enter

Enter Father and Governor.

Cap. Stop, stop, fresh booties, Gentle folks, Seignioroes,
Calavario, Fulkadelio.
2 *Gip. Lagnambrol a tumbrel.*
Dond. How: Give me one word amongst you, that I may be doing too.
Aur. Yonder they are again, Oh guiltiness,
Thou put'st more trembling fear into a Maid
Then the first wedding night. Take courage wench
Thy face cannot betray thee with a blush now.
Fath. Which way she took her flight Sir, none can ghess,
Or how she scap't:
Govern. Out at some Window certainly.
Fath. Oh 'tis a bold daring Baggage.
Govern. See good fortune Sir,
The Gipseys, they're the cunningst people living.
Fath. They cunning? what a confidence have you Sir,
No wiseman's faith was ever set in fortunes.
Govern. You are the wilfulst man against all learning still:
I will be hang'd now, if I hear not news of her amongst this company.
Fath. You are a Gentleman of the flatt'ring'st hopes
That ev'r lost woman yet.
Govern. Come hither Gipsey.
Aur. Luck now, or I'm undone, —What says my Master,
Bless me with a silver cross,
And I will tell you all your loss.
Govern. Lo you there Sir, all my loss, at first word too,

There is no cunning in these Gipseys now.

Fath Sure I'll hear more of this.

Govern. Here's silver for you.

Aur. Now attend your fortunes story,
You lov'd a Maid.

Govern. Right.

Aur. She never lov'd you,
You shall finde my words are true.

Govern. 'Mass I am afraid so.

Aur. You were about
To keep her in, but could not do't.
Alas the while she would not stay
The cough o'th' Lungs blew her away;
And which is worse, you'll be so crost,
You'll never finde the thing that's lost;
Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her,
She'll be near you, and yet you nev'r the nearer:
Let her go, and be the gladder;
She'ld but shame you, if you had her.
Ten Counsellors could never school her,
She'is so wilde, you could not rule her.

Govern. In troth I am of thy minde, yet I'ld fain finde her.

Aur. Soonest then, when you least minde her;
But if you mean to take her tripping,
Make but haste, she's now a shipping.

Govern. I ever dreamed so much.

Fath. Hie to the Key,
We'll mar your voyage, you shall brook no Sea.

Exit Father and Governor.

Cap. Cheteroon: High Gulleroon.

Dond. Filcheroon, purse-fulleroon: I can say somewhat too.

All. Excellent Gipsey, witty rare Doxey.

Dond. I would not change my Dell for a dozen of black Bell-weathers.

Cap.

Cap. Our wealth swells high my Boys.
Dond. Our wealth swells high my Boys.
Cap. Let ev'ry Gipsey
Dance with his Doxey,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Dond. Let ev'ry Gipsey
Dance with his Doxey,
And then drink, drink for joy:
All. And then drink, drink for joy. *Exit with a strange wilde fashion'd dance to the Hoboys or Cornets.*

Scæn 3. *Enter Dutchess, Lord Cardinal, and other Lords,* Celia.

L. Card. That which is meerly call'd a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a vertue.
Dutch. Oh good Sir spare me.
L. Card. Spare your self, good Madam,
Extreamest Justice is not so severe
To great offenders, as your own forc'd strictness
To beauty, youth and time; you'll answer for't.
Dutch. Sir settle your own peace, let me make mine.
L. Card. But here's a heart must pity it, when it thinks on't,
I finde compassion, though the smart be yours.
1 *Lord.* None here but do's the like.
2 *Lord.* Believe it Madam,
You have much wrong'd your time.
1 *Lord.* Nay, let your Grace
But think upon the barrenness of succession.
2 *Lord.* Nay more, a Vow enforc'd.
Dutch. What do you all
Forsake me then, and take part with yon man;
Not one friend have I left I do they all fight

Under

Under th'inglorious banner of his censure,
Serve under his opinion?

L. Card. So will all Madam,
Whose judgments can but taste a rightful cause,
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will shortly rise against you, when they know
The war to be so just and honorable
As marriage is: You cannot name that woman,
Will not come ready arm'd for such a cause:
Can Chastity be any whit impair'd
By that which makes it perfect? Answer Madam,
Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold! y'are constant then to none.
That's a dead vertue, goodness must have practice,
Or else it ceases; then is woman said
To be love chaste, knowing but one mans bed:
A mighty vertue; beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of Wedlocks time and space,
Is womans exercise for Faith and Grace.

Dutch. Oh what have you done my Lord?

L. Card. Laid the way plain
To knowledge of your self and your Creation,
Unbound a forced Vow, that was but knit
By the strange jealousie of your dying Lord,
Sinful i'th' fastning.

Dutch. All the powres of Constancy
Will curse you for this deed.

L. Card. You speak in pain Madam,
And so I take your words, like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend: I know a change
Of disposition has a violent working
In all of us; 'tis fit it should have time
And councel with it self: May you be fruitful Madam
In all the blessings of an honor'd love.

1 *Lord.* In all your wishes fortunate, and I
The cheif of 'em my self.

L. Card. Peace be at your heart Lady.

1 *Lord.* And love, say I:

L. Card. We'll leave good thoughts now, to bring in themselves. *Exit Lords.*

Dutch. O there's no art like a religious cunning,
It carries away all things smooth before it.
How subtilly has his wit dealt with the Lords
To fetch in their perswasions, to a business
That stands in need of none, yeilds of it self
As most we women do, when we seem fartheſt?
But little thinks the Cardinal he's requited
After the same proportion of deceit
As he sets down for others.

Enter Page.

Oh here's the pretty Boy, he preferr'd to me,
I never saw a meeker, gentler youth
Yet made for mans beginning: How unfit
Was that poor fool, to be *Lactantio*'s Page,
He would have spoil'd him quite, in one year utterly,
There had been no hope of him. Come hither childe,
I have forgot thy name.

Page. Antonio, Madam.

Dutch. Antonio! so thou toldst me; I must chide thee,
Why didst thou weep, when thou cam'st first to serve me?

Page. At the distrust of mine own merits Madam,
Knowing I was not born to those deserts
To please so great a Mistress.

Dutch. 'Las poor Boy,

That's

That's nothing in thee, but thy modest fear
Which makes amends faster then thou canst erre:
It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things. *Celia* ——

Cel. Madam.

Dutch. Has he bestow'd his hour to day for Musick?

Cel Yes, he has Madam.

Dutch. How do you finde his voice?

Cel. A pretty womanish faint sprawling voice Madam,
But 'twill grow strong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond exercises.

Dutch. Give order to the dancing School-master,
Observe an hour with him.

Cel. It shall be done Lady;
He is well made for dancing, thick i'th' Chest Madam,
He will turn long and strongly.

Dutch. He shall not be behinde a quality,
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase,
And see he lose no time.

Cel. I'll take that order Madam.

Page. Singing and dancing! 'las my case is worse,
I rather need a Midwife, and a Nurse.

Exit Celia *and Page.*

Dutch. *Lactantio,* my procurer not return'd yet?
His malice, I have fitted with an office,
Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigor:
He comes, and with him, my hearts Conqueror,
My pleasing thraldom's near.

Enter General, Lactantio *and the Guard.*

Andr. Not know the cause?

Lact. Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruine

Of your neck-part, or some nine years imprison-
ment,
You meet with mercy, and you scape with that;
Beside your Lands all begg'd and seis'd upon;
That's admirable favor. Here's the Dutchess.
Dutch. Oh Sir y'are welcome.
Lact. Marry bless me still
From such a welcome.
Dutch. You are hard to come by,
It seems Sir by the guilt of your long stay.
Andr. My guilt good Madam,
Dutch. Sure y'had much ado
To take him, had you not? speak truth *Lactantio*,
And leave all favor, were you not in danger?
Lact. Faith something neer it Madam: He grew
head-strong,
Furious and fierce; but 'tis not my condition
To speak the worst things of mine enemy Madam,
Therein I hold mine honor: But had fury
Burst into all the violent storms that ever
Plaid over anger in tempestuous man.
I would have brought him to your Graces presence,
Dead or alive.
Dutch. You would not Sir?
Andr. What pride
Of pamper'd blood has mounted up to this puckfoist?
If any way uncounsel'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has stept into some error,
(Which I could heart'ly curse) and so brought on
me
Your great displeasure, let me feel my sin
In the full weight of Justice, vertuous Madam,
And let it wake me throughly. But chaste Lady,
Out of the bounty of your Grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure.

Dutch.

Dutch. It shall not need good Sir; we are our self
Of power sufficient to judge you, nev'r doubt it Sir.
Withdraw *Lactantio*; carefully place your Guard
I'th' next Room.
Lact. You'll but fare the worse;
You see your niceness spoils you; you'll go nigh now
To feel your sin indeed. *Exit* Lactantio *and Guard.*
Andr. Hell-mouth be with thee.
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider
For mans misfortunes?
Dutch. First Sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny,
What your own knowledge proves to you.
Andr. That were a sin Madam,
More gross then flattery spent upon a villain.
Dutch. Your own confession dooms you Sir.
Andr. Why Madam.
Dutch. Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my Lords death, never to marry more?
Andr. That's a truth Madam, I'm a witness to.
Dutch. Is't so Sir? you'll be taken presently,
This man needs no accuser. Knowing so much,
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to sollicite me (so strictly setled)
With tempting Letters, and loose lines of love?
Andr. Who I do't Madam?
Dutch. Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breath.
Andr. Better destruction snatch me quick from sight
Of humane eyes, then I should sin so boldly.
Dutch. 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
For my truths credit: Look you Sir, read out,

You

You know the hand and name:

Andr. *Andrugio*!

Dutch. And if such things be fit, the world shall judge!

Andr. Madam.

Dutch. Pish; that's not so; it begins otherwise Pray look again Sir; how you'ld slight your knowledge.

Andr. By all the reputation I late won.

Dutch. Nay, and you dare not read Sir, I am gone.

Andr. Read? most fair Dutchess.

Dutch. Oh, have you found it now?
There's a sweet flatt'ring phrase for a beginning,
You thought belike, that would o'rcome me.

Andr. I Madam?

Dutch. Nay on Sir, you are slothful.

Andr. The report of your Vow shall not fear me.

Dutch. No? are you so resolute? 'Tis well for you Sir:

Andr. I know y'are but a woman.

Dutch. Well, what then Sir?

Andr. And what a woman is, a wiseman knows.

Dutch. Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.

Andr. Perhaps my condition may seem blunt to you.

Dutch. Well; we finde no fault with your bluntness.

Andr. But no mans love can be more sharp set.

Dutch. I there's good stuff now.

Andr. And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.

Dutch. Weapon! You begin like a Flatterer, and end like a Fencer.
Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?

Andr

Andr. Now by the honor of a man, his truth Madam,
My name's abus'd.

Dutch. Fie, fie, deny your hand!
I will not deny mine; here take it freely Sir,
And with it my true constant heart for ever.
I never disgrac'd man that sought my favor.

Andr. What mean you Madam?

Dutch. To requite you Sir
By curtesie, I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it: Sir, in as plain truth
As the old time walk'd in, when love was simple
And knew no art, nor guile, I affect you;
My heart has made her choice. I love you Sir
Above my vow; the frown that met you first,
Wore not the livery of anger Sir,
But of deep policy: I made your enemy
The Instrument for all; there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given.

Andr. Here's a strange Language!
The constancy of love bless me from learning on't,
Although ambition would soon teach it others.
Madam, the service of whole life is yours. But——

Dutch. Enough; thou'rt mine for ever. Within there.

Enter Lactantio, *and the Guard.*

Lact. Madam.

Dutch. Lay hands upon him, bear him hence,
See he be kept close prisoner in our Pallace,
The time's not yet ripe for our Nuptial Sollace. *Exit.*

Lact. This you could clear your self.

Andr. There's a voice that wearies me
More then mine own distractions.

Lact. You are innocent?

Andr.

Andr. I have not a time idle enough from passion,
To give this Devil an answer: Oh she's lost!
Curst be that love, by which a better's crost.
There my heart's setled.
Lact. How is he disgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love? Faith he that can
Wish more to his enemy, is a spightful man,
And worthy to be punish'd. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Page, Celia, and Crotchet.

Cel SIr I'm of that opinion, being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well.
Crotch. G, sol, re ut: you ghess not right y'faith.
Mistress, you'll finde y'are in an error straight:
Come on Sir, lay the Books down; you shall see now.
Page. Would I'd an honest Caudle next my heart,
Let whose would *Sol Fa*, I'ld give them my part.
In troth methinks I have a great longing in me
To bite a peece of the Musitians Nose off;
But I'll rather lose my longing, then spoil the poor mans
Singing; the very tip will serve my turn, methinks if I
Could get it, that he might well spare; his Nose is of
The longest—Oh my back.
Crotch. You shall hear that; rehearse your Gamot Boy:

Page. Who'ld be thus toild for love, and want the joy?

Crotch. Why when? begin Sir: I must stay your leisure.

Page. Gamot, a re, b me, &c:

Crotch. Ee la: Aloft, above the clouds my Boy.

Page: It must be a better note then *Ela* Sir,
That brings Musitians thither; they're too hasty,
The most part of 'em, to take such a journey,
And must needs fall by th' way.

Crotch. How many Cliffs be there?

Page. One Cliff Sir.

Crotch. Oh intolerable heretick
To voice and musick! Do you know but one Cliff?

Page. No more; indeed I Sir, and at this time,
I know too much of that.

Crotch. How many Notes be there?

Page. Eight Sir, I fear me I shall finde nine shortly,
To my great shame and sorrow: ——Oh my stomach!

Crotch. Will you repeat your notes then? I must *Sol Fa* you, why when Sir?

Page. A large, a long, a brief, a semibrief, a minom, a crotchet,
A quaver, a semiquaver:

Crotch. Oh, have you found the way?

Page. Never trust me
If I have not lost my wind with naming of 'em.

Crotch. Come Boy, your mindes upon some other thing now:
Set to your Song.

Page. Was ever Wench so punish'd?

Crotch. Ut. Come begin.

Page. Ut mere fa sol la.

Crotch.

Crotch. Keep time you foolish Boy —— (Here they sing Prickſong)
How like you this *Madova?*
Celia. Pretty,
He will do well in time being kept under.
Crotch. I'll make his ears ſore, and his knuckles ake elſe.
Cel. And that's the way to bring a Boy to goodneſs Sir.
Crotch There's many now waxt proper Gentlemen,
Whom I have nipt i'th' ear Wench, that's my comfort.
Come ſing me over the laſt ſong I taught you:
Y'are perfect in that ſure, look you keep time well,
Or here I'll notch your faults up. *Sol, Sol,* begin Boy. *Muſick, Song.*
Cel. So y'have done well Sir.
Here comes the dancing Maſter now, y'are diſcharg'd.

Enter Sinquapace *the Dancer.*

Sinq. Oh Seignior *Crotchet*, Oh.
Crotch. A minom reſt, two cliffs, and a ſemibrief. In the name
Of *Alamire*, what's the matter Sir?
Sinq. The horribleſt diſaſter that ever diſgrac'd the lofty cunning of a dancer.
Crotch. Be ſa beme: Heaven forbid man.
Sinq. Oh——oo——the moſt cruel Fortune!
Crotch. That ſemiquaver is no friend to you,
That I muſt tell you; 'tis not for a Dancer
To put his voice ſo hard to't, every workman
Muſt uſe his own tools Sir, *de ſa ſol* man, dilate
The matter to me.

Sinq. Faith riding upon my Foot-cloth, as I use to do, coming through a croud by chance, I let fall my Fiddle.

Crotch. De sol re. Your Fiddle Sir?

Sinq. Oh that such an instrument should be made to betray a poor Gentleman! nay, which is more lamentable, whose luck should it be to take up this unfortunate Fiddle, but a Barbers Prentice, who cryed out presently, according to his nature; You trim Gentleman on Horsback, y'have lost your Fiddle, your worships Fiddle; seeing me upon my Foot-cloth, the mannerly Cockscomb could say no less. But away rid I Sir, put my horse to a caranto pace, and left my Fiddle behinde me:

Crotch. De la sol re.

Sinq. I, was't not a strange fortune, an excellent Treble-vial, by my Troth 'twas my Masters, when I was but a pumper, that is a puller on of Gentlemens Pumps.

Crotch. C, c, sol fa: I knew you then Sir.

Sinq. But I make no question, but I shall hear on't shortly at one Brokers or another, for I know the Barber will scourse it away for some old Cittron.

Crotch. Ela me, my life for yours on that Sir; I must to my other
Schollers, my hour calls me away: I leave you to your
Practise, *Fa sol la.* Fare you well Sir: *Exit.*

Sinq. The Lavolto's of a merry heart be with you Sir; and a merry heart makes a good singing man; a man may love to hear himself talk, when he carries pith in's mouth—— *Metereza Celia.*

Cel. Seignior *Sinquapace,* the welcom'st Gentleman alive of
A Dancer. This is the youth, he can do little yet;
'Tis Prickson very poorly; he is one

Must

Must have it put into him; somewhat dull Sir.

Sing. As you are all at first. You know 'twas long
Ere you could learn your doubles.

Cel. I that's true Sir,
But I can tickl't now. *Fa, la, la, &c.*
Lo you, how like you me now Sir?

Sing. Marry pray for the Founder, here he stands; long may he live to receive quarrridges, go brave, and pay his Mercer wondrous duly, I, and his jealous Laundress, that for the love she bears him starches yellow, poor Soul; my own flesh knows I wrong her not. Come *Metereza*, once more shake your great hips, and your little heels, since you begin to fall in of your self, and dance over the end of the caranto I taught you last night.

Cel. The tune's clear out of my head Sir.

Sing. A Pox of my little Usher, how long he stayes too with the second part of the former Fiddle! Come, I'll *Sol fa* it, i'th' mean time, *Fa, la, la, la, &c.* perfectly excellent. I will make you fit to dance with the best Christian Gentleman in *Europe*, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

Cel. Nay, I know I shall do well Sir, and I am somewhat proud on't,
But 'twas my Mothers fault, when she danced with the Duke of *Florence*.

Sing. Why you'll never dance well, while you live, if you be not proud. I know that by my self; I may teach my heart out, if you have not the grace to follow me.

Cel. I warrant you for that Sir:

Sing. Gentlewomen that are good Schollers
Will come as near their Masters, as they can;
I have known some lye with 'em for their better un-

derstanding, I speak not this to draw you on forsooth; use your pleasure, if you come y'are welcome, you shall see a fine lodging, a dish of Comfits, Musick, and sweet Linnen.

Cel. And trust me Sir, no woman can wish more in this world,
Unless it be ten pound i'th' Chamber window,
Laid ready in good gold against she rises.

Sing. Those things are got in a morning Wench with me.

Cel. Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting;
So says my Sister; she's a Lawyers wife Sir,
And should know what belongs to cases best:
A fitter time for this; I must not talk
Too long of womens matters before Boys.
He's very raw, you must take pains with him,
It is the Dutchess minde it should be so; she loves him
Well I tell you—— *Exit.*

Sing. How, love him? he's too little for any womans love i'th' Town, by three handfuls: I wonder of a great woman, sh'as no more wit y'faith; one of my pitch were somewhat tolerable.

Enter Usher.

Oh are you come! who would be thus plagued with a Dandiprat Usher! how many kicks do you deserve in conscience?

Usher. Your Horse is safe Sir.

Sing. Now I talk't of kicking, 'twas well remembred, is not the Footcloth stoln yet?

Usher. More by good hap then any cunning Sir: Would any Gentleman but you, get a Tailors son to walk his Horse, in this dear time of black Velvet?

Sing.

Sinq. Troth thou saist true; thy care has got thy pardon; I'll venture so no more: Come my yong Scholler, I am ready for you now.

Page. Alas 'twill kill me,
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear:
How shall I do to hold up? Alas Sir
I can dance nothing but ill-favor'dly,
A strain or two of *Passa-Measures* Galliard.

Sinq. Marry y'are forwarder then I conceiv'd you,
A toward Stripling; enter him *Nicholao*,
For the fool's bashful, as they are all at first
Till they be once well entred.

Usher. *Passa-Measures* Sir?

Sinq. I Sir, I hope you bear me; mark him now Boy. (Dance.)
Ha well done, exc'llent Boys — Dainty fine Springals;
The glory of Dancers Hall, if they had any;
And of all Professions, they had most need of one
For room to practise in, yet they have none.
O times! O manners! you have very little.
Why should the leaden-heel'd Plumber have his Hall,
And the light-footed Dancer none at all?
But Fortune *de la guardo*, things must be;
W're born to teach in Back-houses and Nooks,
Garrets sometimes, where't rains upon our Books.
Come on Sir, are you ready? first your honor.

Page. I'll wish no so, a greater cross upon her.

Sinq. Curtsey, heiday! Run to him *Nicholao*, by this light he will shame me; he makes curtsey like a Chamber-maid.

Usher. Why what do you mean Page! are you mad? did you ever see a Boy begin a Dance, and make curtsey like a Wench before?

Page. Troth I was thinking of another thing;
And quite forgot my self, I pray forgive me Sir.

Sinq. Come make amends then now with a good leg, and dance it sprightly: What a beastly leg has he made there now, 'twould vex ones heart out: Now begin Boy, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, *&c.* open thy Knees, wider, wider, wider, wider; did you ever see a Boy dance clencht up, he needs a pick-lock; out upon thee for an arrant Ass, an arrant Ass, I shall lose my credit by thee, a pest'lence on thee. Here Boy hold the Vial, let me come to him, I shall get more disgrace by this little Monkey now, then by all the Ladies that ever I taught. Come on Sir now; cast thy leg out from thee, lift it up aloft Boy; a Pox, his knees are sodder'd together, they're sow'd together; canst not stride? Oh I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter: I shall never teach this Boy without a skrew, his knees must be opened with a Vice, or there's no good to be done upon him—— Who taught you to dance Boy?

Page. It is but little Sir that I can do.

Sinq. No; I'll be sworn for you.

Page. And that Seignior *Laurentio* taught me Sir:

Sinq. Seignior *Laurentio* was an arrant Cockscomb,
And fit to teach none but White-bakers children
To knead their knees together. You can turn above ground Boy?

Page. 'Not I Sir; my turns rather under-ground.

Sinq. We'll see what you can do, I love to try
What's in my Schollers, the first hour I teach them:
Shew him a close trick now *Nicholao.*
Ha, dainty Stripling! come Boy.

Page. 'Lass not I Sir,
I am not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not Sir:

Sinq. How; such another word, down goes your Hose Boy.

Page. Alas 'tis time for me to do any thing then.

Sinq. Heyday he's down; is this your lofty trick Boy?

Usher. O Master, the Boy swoons; he's dead I fear me.

Sinq. Dead! I nev'r knew one die with a lofty trick before.

Up Sirrah, up.

Page. A Midwife, run for a Midwife.

Sinq. A Midwife! By this light the Boy's with childe.

A miracle! Some Woman is the Father.
The World's turn'd upside down, sure if Men breed,
Women must get, one never could do both yet.
No marv'l you danc'd close-knee'd the *Sinquapace:*
Put up my Fiddle, here's a stranger case——

Exeunt Sinquapace and Page.

Usher. That 'tis I'll swear; 'twill make the Dutchess wonder.
I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request,
And hinder our profession for a time:
Your Women that are closely got with childe,
Will put themselves clean out of exercise,
And will not venture now for fear of meeting
Their shames in a Caranto, specially
If they be near their time: Well in my knowledge,
If that should happen, we are sure to lose
Many a good Waiting-woman, that's now over shooes.
Alas the while—— *Exit.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter the Dutchess and* Celia.

Dutch. Thou tell'st me things are enemies to reason,
I cannot get my Faith to entertain 'em,
And I hope nev'r shall.
Cel. 'Tis too true Madam.
Dutch. I say 'tis false: 'Twere better th'hadst been dumb,
Then spoke a truth s'unpleasing; thou shalt get
But little praise by't: He whom we affect
To place his love upon so base a Creature!
Cel. Nay uglineſs it self, you'ld say so Madam,
If you but saw her once, a strowling Gipsey,
No Christian that is born a Hinde could love her,
She's the Suns Master-peece for tawnineſs;
Yet have I seen *Andrugio's* arms about her,
Perceived his hollow whisprings in her ear,
His joys at meeting her.
Dutch. What joy could that be?
Cel. Such Madam, I have seldom seen it equal'd;
He kist her with that greedineſs of affection,
As if his lips had been as red as yours.
I look'd still when he would be black in mouth,
Like Boys with eating Hedg-berries: Nay, more Madam,
He brib'd one of his Keepers with ten Duckets
To finde her out amongst a flight of Gipseys.
Dutch. I'll have that Keeper hang'd, and you for malice,
She cannot be so bad as you report,
Whom he so firmly loves, you're false in much,
And I will have you try'd; go fetch her to us:
Exit Celia.
He cannot be himself, and appear guilty

Of

Of such gross folly, has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him: This Wench fails
In understanding service; she must home,
Live at her house i'th' Country, she decayes
In beauty and discretion: Who has't brought
there?

Enter Celia *and* Aurelia.

Cel. This is she Madam.
Dutch. Youth and whiteness bless me,
It is not possible: He talk'd sensibly
Within this hour, this cannot be: How does he?
I fear me my restraint has made him mad.
Cel. His health is perfect, Madam.
Dutch. You are perfect
In falshood still, he's certainly distracted:
Though I'ld be loth to foul my words upon her,
She looks so beastly, yet I'll ask the question,
Are you belov'd (sweet face) of *Andrugio*?
Aur. Yes showr'ly Mistress, he done love me
'Bove all the Girls that shine above me.
Full often has he sweetly kist me,
And wept as often when he mist me:
Swore he was to marry none,
But me alone.
Dutch. Out on thee; marry thee? away with
her.
Clear mine eyes of her. *Exit Aurelia.*
A Curat that has got his place by Simony,
Is not half black enough to marry thee.
Surely the man's far spent, how ere he carries it,
He's without question mad; but I nev'r knew
Man bear it better before company.
The love of Woman wears so thick a blindness,
It sees no fault, but onely mans unkindness;

And

And that's so gross, it may be felt: Here *Celia*
Take this; with speed command *Andrugio* to us,
And his guard from him.

Cel It shall strait be done Madam. *Exit.*

Dutch. I'll look into his carriage more judiciously,
When I next get him. A wrong done to Beauty,
Is greater then an injury done to Love,
And we'll less pardon it; for had it been
A creature who'e perfection had out-shin'd me,
It had been honorable judgment in him,
And to my peace a noble satisfaction:
But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly!
Look be be mad indeed, and throughly gone,
Or he pays deerly for't: 'Tis not
The ordinary madness of a Gentleman,
That shall excuse him here; 'had better lose
His wits eternally, then lose my Grace:
So strange is the condition of his fall,
He's safe in nothing, but in loss of all.

Enter Andrugio.

He comes: Now by the Fruits of all my hopes,
A man that has his wits, cannot look better;
It likes me well enough, there's life in's eye,
And civil health in's Cheek; he stands with judgment,
And bears his body well: What ails this man?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand Ladies.
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs, which makes none laugh
But their own Waiting-women, and they dare do no otherwise.
Come neerer Sir: I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.

Andr.

Andr. What new trick's in this now?
Dutch. How long have you been mad Sir?
Andr. Mad! a great time Lady;
Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sin'd;
That's now some thirty years; By'r Lady upwards.
Dutch This man speaks reason, wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudest Soul good manners.
You cannot be excus'd with lightness now,
Or frantick fits; y're able to instruct Sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seise on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart!
And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,
It in a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the abusing of thy spiteful enemy
That sought to fix his malice upon thee,
And couldst thou so requite me?
Andr. How! good Madam.
Dutch. To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely
Upon contempt it self, disdain and loathsomness;
A thing whose face through uglineſs frights children;
A straggling Gipsey!
Andr. See how you may erre, Madam,
Through wrongful information; by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
Bestow'd upon a creature so unworthy.
Dutch. No, then you cannot flie me; fetch her back:
And though the sight of her displease mine eye
Worse then th'offensiv'st object, Earth and Nature
Can present to us; yet for truths probation,
We will endur't contentfully: What now
Art thou return'd without her?

Enter

Enter Celia *and* Aurelia.

Andr. No Madam: This is she my peace dwells in,
If here be either baseness of discent,
Rudeness of manners or deformity
In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yeild it;
Tax me severely Madam.
Dutch. How thou standst,
As dumb as the Salt-pillar; where's this Gipsey?
What no? I cannot blame thee then for silence.
Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.
Aur. Your pardon, and your pity, vertuous Madam.
Cruel restraint joyn'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art, in that disguise I 'scap'd
The hardness of my Fortunes; you that see
What loves force is, good Madam pity me.
Andr. Your Grace has ever been the friend of truth;
And here 'tis set before you.
Dutch. I confess
I have no wrong at all; she's yonger, fairer.
He has not now dishonor'd me in choice,
I much commend his noble care and judgment.
'Twas a just cross led in by a temptation,
For offering but to part from my dear Vow,
And I'll embrace it cheerfully: Rise both,
The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls,
I will not part you.
Andr. Vertues crown be yours Madam.

Enter Lactantio.

Aur. Oh there appears the life of all my wishes;

I

Is your Grace pleas'd out of your bounteous goodness
To a poor Virgins comforts, I shall freely
Enjoy whom my heart loves.
Dutch. Our word is past,
Enjoy without disturbance.
Aur. There *Lactantio*
Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
That has wrought all this means to rest in thee.
Andr. Death of my joys; how's this?
Lact. Prethee away fond Fool, hast' no shame in thee,
Th'art bold and ignorant, what ere thou art.
Aur. What ere I am, do not you know me then?
Lact. Yes for some Waiting-vessel, but the times
Are chang'd with me, if y'had the grace to know 'em.
I look'd for more respect, I am not spoke withal
After this rate I tell you; learn hereafter
To know what belongs to me, you shall see
All the Court teach you shortly. Farewel Manners.
Dutch. I'll mark the event of this.
Aur. I'have undone my self two ways at once; lost a great deal of time,
And now I am like to lose more. O my fortune!
I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vow'd
To have a childe by twenty, if not twain:
To see how Maids are crost! but I'm plagu'd justly:
And she that makes a fool of her first love,
Let her ne'r look to prosper, Sir.
Andr. Oh falshood!
Aur. Have you forgiveness in you? There's more hope of me
Then of a Maid that never yet offended.
Andr. Make me your property?

Aur.

Aur. I'll promise you,
I'll never make you worse: And Sir you know
There are worse things for women to make men.
But by my hope of children, (and all lawful)
I'll be as true for ever to your Bed
As she, in thought or deed, that never err'd:
Andr. I'll once believe a woman, be it but to strengthen
Weak faith in other men: I have a love
That covers all thy faults.

Enter Lord Cardinal and the Lords.

L. Card. Nephew, prepare thy self
With meekness and thanksgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune: Amongst all the Lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee.
Last. Alas I'm not to learn to know that now.
Where could she make choice here, if I were missing?
'Twould trouble the whole State, and puzzle 'em all
To finde out such another.
L. Card. 'Tis high time Madam,
If your Grace please, to make election now.
Behold, they are all assembled!
Dutch. What election?
You speak things strange to me Sir.
L. Card. How! good Madam.
Dutch. Give me your meaning plainly like a Father.
You are too religious Sir to deal in Riddles.
L. Card. Is there a plainer way then leads to marriage, Madam,
And the man set before you?
Dutch. O Blasphemy
To Sanctimonious Faith! comes it from you Sir?
An ill example; know you what you speak,

Or

Or who you are? Is not my Vow in place?
How dare you be so bold Sir? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently
Take all th'advantage on't?

L. Card. Is this in earnest, Madam?

Dutch. Heaven pardon you; if you do not think so Sir,
Y'have much to answer for: But I will leave you;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
All you blest powers that Register the Vows
Of Virgins and chaste Matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy; seal forgiveness to me
By signs of inward peace; and to be surer,
That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
I binde my self more strictly. All my riches
I'll speedily commend to holy uses;
This Temple unto some religious Sanctuary;
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts; so knit I up my Vow.

Lactant. This is to hawk at Eagles: Pox of pride,
It lays a man i'th' mire still, like a Jade
That has too many tricks, and ne'r a good one.
I must gape high, I'm in a sweet case now,
I was sure of one, and now I have lost her too.

Dutch. I know, my Lord, all that great studious care
Is for your Kinsman; he's provided for
According to his merits.

L. Card. How's that! good Madam?

Dutch. Upon the firmness of my Faith it's true Sir;
See here's the Gentlewoman; the match was made
Near forty weeks ago: He knows the time Sir,
Better then I can tell him, and the poor Gentlewoman

Better then he: But being Religious Sir, and fearing you,
He durst not own her for his wife till now,
Onely contracted with her in mans apparel,
For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
And never could endure the sight of woman,
For fear that you should see her: This was he
Chose for my love; this Page prefer'd to me.

Last. I'm paid with mine own money.

L. Card. Dare hypocrisie,
For fear of vengeance, sit so close to Vertue.
Steal'st thou a holy vestment from Religion,
To cloath forbidden Lust with? th'open villainy
Goes before thee to mercy, and his Penitency
Is blest with a more sweet and quick return,
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee.
I'll sooner make a Parracide my heir,
Then such a monster. O forgive me Madam!
Th'apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sins wait at it. I forget all Charity,
When I but think upon him.

Dutch. Nay, my Lord,
At our request, since we are pleas'd to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors,
Which conscionable Justice now sets right,
From you we expect patience; h'as had punishment
Enough in his false hopes; trust me he has Sir;
They have requited his dissembling largely.
And to erect your falling goodness to him,
We'll begin first our self. Ten thousand Duckets
The Gentlewoman shall bring out of our Treasure,
To make her dowry.

L. Card. None has the true way
Of over-coming anger with meek vertue,
Like your compassionate Grace.

Last.

Lact. Curse of this fortune:
This 'tis to meddle with taking stuff, whose Belly cannot be confin'd in a Waste-band: Pray what have you done with the Breeches, we shall have need of 'em shortly; and we get children so fast, they are too good to be cast away. My Son and Heir need not scorn to wear what his Mother has left off: I had my fortune told me by a Gipsey seven years ago, she said then I should be the spoil of many a Maid, and at seven years end marry a Quean for my labor; which falls out wicked and true.

Dutch. We all have faults; look not so much on his.
Who lives i'th' world that never did amiss?
For you *Aurelia*, I commend your choice,
Y'have one after our heart: And though your Father
Be not in presence, we'll assure his voice;
Doubt not his liking, his o'r-joying rather:
You Sir embrace your own, 'tis your full due;
No Page serves me more, that once dwells with you.
Oh they that search out mans intents, shall finde
There's more Dissemblers then of Women kinde.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

Tho. Middleton, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, 1657.

Duke of *Florence*.
Lord Cardinal, Brother to the Duke.
Two Cardinals more.
A Lord.
Fabritio, Father to *Isabella*.
Hippolito, Brother to *Fabritio*.
Guardiano, Uncle to the *Fooliſh Ward*.
The Ward, a rich yong Heir.
Leantio, a Factor, Husband to *Brancha*.
Sordido, the Wards Man.

Livia, Siſter to *Fabritio*.
Iſabella, Neece to *Livia*.
Brancha, *Leantio's* Wife.
Widow, his Mother.

States of *Florence*.
Citizens.
A Prentice.
Boys.
Meſſenger.
Servants.

The Scæn.

FLORENCE.

WOMEN.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

Act. 1. Scæn. 1.

Enter Leantio *with* Brancha, *and Mother.*

Mother. THy sight was never yet more precious to me;
Welcome with all the affection of a Mother,
That comfort can expres from natural love:
Since thy birth-joy, a Mothers chiefest gladnes.
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows,
Thou was't not more dear to me, then this hour
Presents thee to my heart. Welcome again.

Leant. 'Las poor affectionate Soul, how her joys speak to me!
I have observ'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knavish Children
To have the lovingst Mothers.

Moth. What's this Gentlewoman?

Leant. Oh you have nam'd the moſt unvaluedſt purchaſe,
That youth of man had ever knowledge of.
As often as I look upon that treaſure,
And know it to be mine, (there lies the bleſſing)
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd
To have a Being, and to live 'mongſt men;
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one;
Let a man truly think on't.
To have the toyl and griefs of fourſcore years
Put up in a white ſheet, ti'd with two knots;
Methinks it ſhould ſtrike Earthquakes in Adulterers,
When ev'n the very ſheets they commit ſin in,
May prove, for ought they know, all their laſt Garments.
Oh what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty able to content a Conquerer,
Whom Earth could ſcarce content, keeps me in compaſs;
I finde no wiſh in me bent ſinfully
To this mans ſiſter, or to that mans wife:
In loves name let 'em keep their honeſties,
And cleave to their own husbands, 'tis their duties.
Now when I go to Church, I can pray handſomely;
Not come like Gallants onely to ſee faces,
As if Luſt went to market ſtill on Sondays.
I muſt confeſs I am guilty of one ſin, Mother,
More then I brought into the world with me;
But that I glory in: 'Tis theft, but nob le,
As ever greatneſs yet ſhot up withal.

Moth. How's that?

Leant. Never to be repented (Mother,)
Though ſin be death; I had di'd, if I had not ſin'd,
And here's my maſter-peece: Do you now behold her!
Look on her well, ſhe's mine, look on her better:

Now

Now say, if't be not the best peece of theft
That ever was committed; and I have my pardon for't:
'Tis seal'd from Heaven by marriage.
Moth. Married to her!
Leant. You must keep councel Mother, I am undone else;
If it be known, I have lost her; do but think now
What that loss is, life's but a triffle to't.
From *Venice*, her consent, and I have brought her
From Parents great in wealth, more now in rage;
But let storms spend their furies, now we have got
A shelter o'r our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented; little money sh'as brought me.
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies lockt up in hidden vertues,
Like Jewels kept in Cabinets.
Moth. Y'are too blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection.
Leant. How?
Moth. Such a Creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which no doubt,
At the full time, might have prov'd rich and noble:
You know not what you have done; my life can give you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes.
And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too.
What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and vertues?
Which ev'ry woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, vertues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humors:

Leant.

Leant. Speak low ſweet Mother; you are able to
ſpoil as many
As come within the hearing: If it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When ſhe's in a good way to obedience,
To riſe with other women in commotion
Againſt their husbands, for ſix Gowns a year,
And ſo maintain their cauſe, when they'r once up,
In all things elſe that require coſt enough.
They are all of 'em a kinde of ſpirits ſoon rais'd,
But not ſo ſoon laid (Mother) As for example,
A womans belly is got up in a trice,
A ſimple charge ere it be laid down again:
So ever in all their quarrels, and their courſes,
And I'm a proud man, I hear nothing of 'em,
They'r very ſtill, I thank my happineſs,
And ſound aſleep; pray let not your tongue wake
'em.
If you can but reſt quiet, ſhe's contented
With all conditions, that my fortunes bring her to;
To keep cloſe as a wife that loves her husband;
To go after the rate of my ability,
Not the licentious ſwindg of her own will,
Like ſome of her old ſchool-fellows, ſhe intends
To take out other works in a new Sampler,
And frame the faſhion of an honeſt love,
Which knows no wants; but mocking poverty
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine Providence, that feeds mouths of Infants,
And ſends them none to feed, but ſtuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
Good Mother, make not you things worſe then they
are,
Out of your too much openneſs; pray take heed
on't;

Nor

Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That ſtrive to mar good ſport, becauſe they are per-
fit.
I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Eſpecially to your own fleſh and blood.
I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in proviſion, follow my buſineſs roundly,
And make you a Grand-mother in forty weeks.
Go, pray ſalute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.
Moth. Gentlewoman, thus much is a debt of
courteſie
Which faſhionable ſtrangers pay each other
At a kinde meeting; then there's more then one
Due to the knowledge I have of your neerneſs:
I am bold to come again, and now ſalute you
By th'name of daughter, which may challenge more
Then ordinary reſpect.
Leant. Why this is well now,
And I think few Mothers of threeſcore will mend it.
Moth. What I can bid you welcome to, is mean;
But make it all your own; we are full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth.
Leant. Now this is ſcurvy,
And ſpake as if a woman lack'd her teeth.
Theſe old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Becauſe they grow ſo full of 'em themſelves.
Branc. Kinde Mother, there is nothing can be
wanting
To her that does enjoy all her deſires.
Heaven ſend a quiet peace with this mans love,
And I am as rich, as Vertue can be poor;
Which were enough after the rate of minde,
To erect Temples for content plac'd here;
I have forſook Friends, Fortunes, and my Country,
And hourly I rejoyce in't. Here's my Friends,
And few is the good number; thy ſucceſſes

How

How ere they look, I will ſtill name my fortunes,
Hopeful or ſpightful, they ſhall all be welcome:
Who invites many gueſts, has of all ſorts,
As he that trafficks much, drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they muſt all be welcome, and us'd well.
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too; for here my love was born,
And that's the birth-day of a womans joys.
You have not bid me welcome ſince I came.

Leant. That I did queſtionleſs.

Franc. No ſure, how was't?

I have quite forgot it.

Leant. Thus.

Franc. Oh Sir, 'tis true;
Now I remember well: I have done thee wrong,
Pray tak't again Sir.

Leant. How many of theſe wrongs
Could I put up in an hour? and turn up the Glaſs
For twice as many more.

Moth. Wilt pleaſe you to walk in daughter?

Franc. Thanks ſweet Mother;
The voice of her that bare me, is not more pleaſing.

Exeunt.

Leant. Though my own care, and my rich Maſters truſt,
Lay their commands both on my Factorſhip,
This day and night, I'll know no other buſineſs
But her and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterneſs
To think upon to morrow, that I muſt leave her
Still to the ſweet hopes of the weeks end;
That pleaſure ſhould be ſo reſtrain'd and curb'd
After the courſe of a rich Work-maſter,
That never pays till Saturday night.
Marry it comes together in a round ſum then,
And do's more good you'll ſay: Oh fair ey'd *Florence!*

Didſt

Didſt thou but know, what a moſt matchleſs Jewel
Thou now art Miſtreſs of, a pride would take thee,
Able to ſhoot deſtruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful Sons; but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treaſures in obſcureſt places:
Should we ſhew Theeves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder;
Temptation is a Devil will not ſtick
To faſten upon a Saint; take heed of that;
The Jewel is cas'd up from all mens eyes.
Who could imagine now a Gem were kept,
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of abſence? what aſſurance
Of this reſtraint then; yes, yes? there's one with her.
Old Mothers know the world; and ſuch as theſe,
When Sons lock Cheſts, are good to look to Keys.

Exit.

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Guardiano, Fabritio, *and* Livia.

Guard. What has your daughter ſeen him yet? know you that?
Fab. No matter, ſhe ſhall love him.
Guard. Nay let's have fair play,
He has been now my Ward ſome fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpoſe (as time calls upon me)
By cuſtom ſeconded, and ſuch moral vertues,
To tender him a wife; now Sir, this wife
I'ld fain elect out of a daughter of yours.
You ſee my meaning's fair; if now this daughter
So tendered (let me come to your own phraſe Sir)
Should offer to refuſe him, I were hanſell'd.
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words,
For the Meridian of a fooliſh old man,

To

To take his understanding: What do you answer Sir?

Fab. I say still she shall love him.

Guard. Yet again?

And shall she have no reason for this love?

Fab. Why do you think that women love with reason?

Guard. I perceive Fools are not at all hours foolish,

No more then wisemen wise.

Fab. I had a wife,

She ran mad for me; she had no reason for't,

For ought I could perceive: What think you Lady Sister?

Guard. 'Twas a fit match that,

Being both out of their wits: A loving wife, it seem'd

She strove to come as near you as she could.

Fab. And if her daughter prove not mad for love too,

She takes not after her, nor after me;

If she prefer reason before my pleasure,

Your an experienc'd widow. Lady Sister,

I pray let your opinion come amongst us.

Liv. I must offend you then, if truth will do't,

And take my Neeces part, and call't injustice

To force her love to one she never saw.

Maids should both see, and like; all little enough;

If they love truly after that, 'tis well.

Connting the time, she takes one man till death,

That's a hard task, I tell you; but one may

Enquire at three years end, amongst yong wives,

And mark how the game goes.

Fab. Why, is not man

Tide to the same observance, Lady Sister,

And in one woman?

Liv

Liv. 'Tis enough for him;
Besides he tastes of many sundry dishes
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to;
As Obedience forsooth, Subjection, Duty, and such Kicksha ws,
All of our making, but serv'd in to them;
And if we lick a finger, then sometimes
We are not too blame: Your best Cooks use it.
Fab. Th'art a sweet Lady, Sister, and a witty——
Liv. A witty! Oh the bud of commendation
Fit for a Girl of sixteen; I am blown man,
I should be wise by this time; and for instance,
I have buried my two husbands in good fashion,
And never mean more to marry.
Guard. No, why so Lady?
Liv. Because the third shall never bury me:
I think I am more then witty; how think you Sir?
Fab. I have paid often fees to a Counsellor
Has had a weaker brain.
Liv. Then I must tell you,
Your money was soon parted.
Guard. Light her now Brother.
Liv. Where is my Neece? let her be sent for straight,
If you have any hope, 'twill prove a wedding;
'Tis fit y'faith she should have one sight of him,
And stop upon't, and not be joyn'd in haste,
As if they went to stock a new found Land.
Fab. Look out her Uncle, and y'are sure of her,
Those two are nev'r asunder, they've been heard
In Argument at midnight, Moon-shine nights
Are Noon days with them; they walk out their sleeps;
Or rather at those hours, appear like those
That walk in 'em, for so they did to me.

Look

Look you, I told you truth; they're like a chain,
Draw but one link, all follows.

Enter Hippolito, *and* Isabella *the Neece.*

Guard. Oh affinity,
What peece of excellent workmanship art thou?
'Tis work clean wrought; for there's no lust, but love in't,
And that abundantly: when in stranger things,
There is no love at all, but what lust brings.
Fab. On with your Mask, for 'tis your part to see now,
And not be seen: Go too, make use of your time;
See what you mean to like; nay, and I charge you,
Like what you see: Do you hear me? there's no dallying;
The Gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time
He were getting lawful heirs, and you a breeding on 'em.
Neece: Good Father!
Fab: Tell not me of tongues and rumors.
You'll say the Gentleman is somewhat simple,
The better for a husband, were you wise;
For those that marry fools, live Ladies lives.
On with the Mask, I'll hear no more, he's rich;
The fool's hid under Bushels.
Liv. Not so hid neither;
But here's a foul great peece of him methinks;
What will he be, when he comes altogether?

Scæn.

Enter the Ward with a Trap-ſtick, and Sordido *his man.*

Ward. Beat him?
I beat him out o'th' field with his own Cat-ſtick,
Yet gave him the firſt hand.
Sord. Oh ſtrange!
Ward. I did it,
Then he ſet Jacks on me.
Sord. What, my Ladies Tailor!
Ward. I, and I beat him too.
Sord. Nay that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating.
Ward. Nay, I tickel'd him
When I came once to my tippings:
Sord. Now you talk on 'em;
There was a Poulterers wife made a great complaint of you laſt night to your Gardianer, that you ſtruck a bump in her childes head, as big as an Egg.
Ward An Egg may prove a Chicken then in time; the Poulterers wife will get by't. When I am in game, I am furious; came my Mothers eyes in my way, I would not loſe a fair end: No, were ſhe alive, but with one tooth in her head, I ſhould venture the ſtriking out of that. I think of no body, when I am in play, I am ſo earneſt. Coads-me, my Gardianer! Prethee lay up my Cat and Cat-ſtick ſafe,
Sord. Where Sir, i'th' Chimney-corner?
Ward. Chimney Corner!
Sord. Yes Sir, your Cats are always ſafe i'th' Chimney Corner,
Unleſs they burn their Coats.
Ward. Marry, that I am afraid on.
Sord. Why, then I will beſtow your Cat i'th' Gutter,

And there she's safe I am sure.
Ward. If I but live
To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't. I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I lift: I'm dog at a hole,
I mar'l my Guardianer do's not seek a wife for me;
I protest I'll have a bout with the Maids else,
Or contract my self at midnight to the Larder-woman,
In presence of a Fool, or a Sack-posset.
Guard. Ward.
Ward. I feel my self after any exercise
Horribly prone: Let me but ride, I'm lusty,
A Cock-horse straight y'faith.
Guard. Why Ward, I say.
Ward. I'll forswear eating Eggs in Moon-shine nights;
There's nev'r a one I eat, but turns into a Cock
In four and twenty hours; if my hot blood
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly.
Guard. Do you hear Sir? follow me, I must new School you:
Ward. School me? I scorn that now, I am past schooling.
I am not so base to learn to write and read;
I was born to better fortunes in my Cradle. *Exit.*
Fab. How do you like him Girl? this is your husband.
Like him, or like him not wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him.
Liv. Oh soft there Brother! though you be a Justice,
Your Warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty,
You may compel out of the power of Father,
Things meerly harsh to a Maids flesh and blood;
But when you come to love, there the soil alters;

Y'are in an other Country, where your Laws
Are no more set by, then the cacklings
Of Geese in *Romes* great Capitol.
Fab. Marry him she shall then,
Let her agree upon love afterwards. *Exit.*
Liv. You speak now Brother like an honest mortal
That walks upon th'earth with a staff;
You were up i'th' Clouds before, you'ld command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it.
My best and dearest Brother, I could dwell here;
There is not such another seat on earth,
Where all good parts better express themselves.
Hip. You'll make me blush anon.
Liv. 'Tis but like saying grace before a Feast then,
And that's most comely; thou art all a Feast,
And she that has thee, a most happy guest.
Prethee chear up that Neece with special Counsel.
Hip. I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I would; but
'Twas not a thing ordain'd, Heaven has forbid it,
And 'tis most meet, that I should rather perish
Then the Decree Divine receive least blemish:
Feed inward you my sorrows, make no noise,
Consume me silent, let me be stark dead
Ere the world know I'm sick. You see my honesty,
If you befriend me, so.
Neece. Marry a Fool!
Can there be greater misery to a woman
That means to keep her days true to her husband,
And know no other man! so vertue wills it.
Why; how can I obey and honor him,
But I must needs commit Idolatry?
A Fool is but the Image of a man,

And that but ill made neither: Oh the heart-breakings
Of miserable Maids, where love's inforc'd!
The best condition is but bad enough;
When women have their choices, commonly
They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great portions
To men to keep 'em in subjection,
As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
The Keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
And glad of a good usage, a good look
Sometimes by'r Lady; no misery surmounts a womans.
Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters;
Yet honesty and love makes all this happy,
And next to Angels, the most blest estate.
That Providence, that h'as made ev'ry poyson
Good for some use, and sets four warring Elements
At peace in man, can make a harmony
In things that are most strange to humane reason.
Oh but this marriage! What are you sad too Uncle?
Faith then there's a whole household down together:
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now
When my best friend's distressed? what is't afflicts you Sir?

Hip. Faith nothing but one grief that will not leave me,
And now 'tis welcome; ev'ry man has something
To bring him to his end, and this will serve
Joyn'd with your fathers cruelty to you,
That helps it forward.

Neece. Oh be cheer'd sweet Uncle!
How long has't been upon you, I nev'r spi'd it:
What a dull sight have I, how long I pray Sir?

Hip. Since I first saw you Neece, and left *Bologna*

Neece

Neece. And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,
To keep it up so long hid from my pitty?
Alas, how shall I trust your love hereafter?
Have we past through so many arguments,
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one?
Walk'd out whole nights together in discourses,
And the main point forgot? We are too blame both;
This is an obstinate wilful forgetfulness,
And faulty on both parts: Let's lose no time now,
Begin good Uncle, you that feel't; what is it?

Hip. You of all creatures Neece must never hear on't,
'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know.

Neece. Not I Sir! all my joys that word cuts off;
You made profession once you lov'd me best;
'Twas but profession!

Hip. Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I shall be chid for't: Know the worst then:
I love thee dearlier then an Uncle can.

Neece. Why so you ever said, and I believ'd it.

Hip. So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
They understand not yet th'unhallowed language
Of a near sinner: I must yet be forced
(Though blushes be my venture) to come nearer.
As a man love's his wife, so love I thee.

Neece. What's that?
Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we understand too soon,
Then over-quick at hearing, I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder; welcome it:
It shall nev'r come so near mine ear again.
Farewel all friendly solaces and discourses,
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater then your comforts; what's become

Of truth in love, if ſuch we cannot truſt,
When blood that ſhould be love, is mix'd with luſt.
Exit.

Hip. The worſt can be but death, and let it come,
He that lives joyleſs, ev'ry day's his doom. *Exit.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter* Leantio *alone.*

Lean. Methinks I'm ev'n as dull now at departure,
As men obſerve great Gallants the next day
After a Revels; you ſhall ſee 'em look
Much of my faſhion, if you mark 'em well.
'Tis ev'n a ſecond Hell to part from pleaſure,
When man has got a ſmack on't: As many holidays
Coming together makes your poor heads idle
A great while after, and are ſaid to ſtick
Falt in their fingers ends; ev'n ſo does game
In a new married couple for the time,
It ſpoils all thrift, and indeed lies a Bed
To invent all the new ways for great expences. — *Brancha* and Mother above.
See, and ſhe be not got on purpoſe now
Into the Window to look after me.
I have no power to go now, and I ſhould be hang'd:
Farewel all buſineſs, I deſire no more
Then I ſee yonder; let the goods at Key
Look to themſelves; why ſhould I toil my youth out?
It is but begging two or three year ſooner,
And ſtay with her continually; is't a match?
O fie, what a Religion have I leap'd into!
Get out again for ſhame, the man loves beſt
When his care's moſt, that ſhows his zeal to love.
Fondneſs is but the Idiot to Affection,

That

That plays at Hot-cockles with rich Merchants
wives;
Good to make sport withal when the Chest's full,
And the long Ware house cracks. 'Tis time of day
For us to be more wise; 'tis early with us,
And if they lose the morning of their affairs,
They commonly lose the best part of the day,
Those that are wealthy, and have got enough.
'Tis after Sun-set with 'em, they may rest,
Grow fat with ease, banket, and toy and play,
When such as I enter the heat o'th' day,
And I'll do's cheerfully.

Bran. I perceive Sir
Y'are not gone yet, I have good hope you'll stay
now.

Lean. Farewel, I must not.

Bran. Come, come, pray return
To morrow; adding but a little care more,
Will dispatch all as well; believe me 'twill Sir.

Lean. I could well wish my self where you would
have me;
But love that's wanton, must be rul'd a while
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruine,
As fitting is a Government in Love,
As in a Kingdom; where 'tis all meer Lust,
'Tis like an insurrection in the people
That rais'd in Self-wil, wars against all Reason:
But Love that is respective for increase,
Is like a good King, that keeps all in peace.
Once more farewel.

Bran. But this one night I prethee.

Lean. Alas I'm in for twenty, if I stay,
And then for forty more, I have such luck to flesh:
I never bought a horse, but he bore double.
If I stay any longer, I shall turn
An everlasting spend-thrift; as you love

To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
For then I ſhall not care which end goes forward:
Again farewel to thee. *Exit.*

Bran. Since it muſt, farewel too.

Moth. 'Faith daughter, y'are too blame, you take the courſe
To make him an ill husband, troth you do,
And that diſeaſe is catching, I can tell you,
, and ſoon taken by a yongmans blood,
And that with little urging: Nay fie, ſee now,
What cauſe have you to weep? would I had no more,
That have liv'd threeſcore years; there were a cauſe
And 'twere well thought on; truſt me y'are too blame,
His abſence cannot laſt five days at utmoſt.
Why ſhould thoſe tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be ev'n as well expreſs'd in a good look,
But it muſt ſee her face ſtill in a Fountain,
It ſhows like a Country Maid dreſſing her head
By a diſh of water: Come 'tis an old cuſtom
To weep for love.

Enter two or three Boys, and a Citizen or two, with an Apprentice.

Boys. Now they come, now they come.

2. The Duke.

3. The State.

Cit. How near Boy?

1 *Boy.* I'th' next ſtreet Sir, hard at hand.

Cit. You ſirra, get a ſtanding for your Miſtreſs,
The beſt in all the City.

Apprent. I hav't for her Sir,
'Twas a thing I provided for her over night,
'Tis ready at her pleaſure.

Cit.

Cit. Fetch her to't then, away Sir.
Bran. What's the meaning of this hurry,
Can you tell Mother.
Moth. What a memory
Have I! I see by that years come upon me.
Why 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,
Religiously observ'd by th'Duke and State
To St. *Marks* Temple, the fifteenth of *April*:
See if my dull brains had not quite forgot it,
'Twas happily question'd of thee, I had gone down else,
Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't.
I would not to be ten years yonger again,
That you had lost the sight; now you shall see
Our Duke, a goodly Gentleman of his years.
Bran. Is he old then?
Moth. About some fifty five.
Bran. That's no great age in man, he's then at best
For wisdom, and for judgment.
Moth. The Lord Cardinal
His noble Brother, there's a comly Gentleman,
And greater in devotion then in blood.
Bran. He's worthy to be mark'd.
Moth. You shall behold
All our cheif states of *Florence*, you came fortunately
Against this solemn day.
Bran. I hope so always: *Musick.*
Moth. I hear 'em near us now, do you stand easily?
Bran. Exceeding well, good Mother.
Moth. Take this stool.
Bran. I need it not I thank you.
Moth. Use your will then.

Enter in great solemnity six Knights bare-headed, then two Cardinals, and then the Lord Cardinal, then the Duke; after him the States of Florence *by two and two, with varity of Musick and Song.* Exit.

Moth.

Moth. How like you Daughter?
Bran. 'Tis a Noble State.
Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
Of such a solemn and most worthy custom.
Did not the Duke look up? me-thought he saw us.
Moth. That's ev'ry one's conceit that sees a Duke,
If he look stedfastly, he looks strait at them,
When he perhaps, good careful Gentleman,
Never mindes any; but the look he casts,
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Onely the publick good.
Bran. Most likely so.
Moth. Come, come, we'll end this Argument below. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

Enter Hippolito, *and Lady* Livia *the Widow.*

Liv. A Strange affection (Brother) when I think on't!
I wonder how thou cam'st by't.
Hip. Ev'n as easily,
As man comes by destruction, which oft-times
He wears in his own bosom.
Liv. Is the world
So populous in Women, and Creation,
So prodigal in Beauty, and so various?
Yet do's love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly; must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kinred,

And

And seek not where it should? it is confin'd
Now in a narrower prison then was made for't?
It is allow'd a stranger, and where bounty
Is made the great mans honor, 'tis ill husbandry
To spare, and servants shall have small thanks for't.
So he Heavens bounty seems to scorn and mock,
That spares free means, and spends of his own stock.

Hip. Never was mans misery so soon sow'd up,
Counting how truly.

Liv. Nay, I love you so,
That I shall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you.
Faith it even kills me, when I see you faint
Under a reprehension, and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you:
Prethee (sweet Brother) let not passion waste
The goodness of thy time, and of thy fortune:
Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love,
As dearly as mine own; and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were ministred
By truth and zeal; 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and vertue, and I can bring forth
As pleasant Fruits, as Sensualitie wishes
In all her teeming longings: This I can do.

Hip. Oh nothing that can make my wishes perfect!

Liv. I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't Brother,
And as soon lost that way, as I could win.
Sir I could give as shreud a lift to Chastity,
As any she that wears a tongue in *Florence*.
Sh'ad need be a good horse-woman, and sit fast,
Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.
Prethee take courage man; though I should counsel
Another to despair, yet I am pitiful

To thy afflictions, and will venture hard;
I will not name for what, 'tis not handsom;
Finde you the proof, and praise me.
Hip. Then I fear me,
I shall not praise you in haste.
Liv. This is the comfort,
You are not the first (Brother) has attempted
Things more forbidden, then this seems to be:
I'll minister all Cordials now to you,
Because I'll cheer you up Sir.
Hip. I am past hope.
Liv. Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure then,
As e'r was wrought on a disease so mortal,
And near akin to shame; when shall you see her?
Hip. Never in comfort more.
Liv. Y'are so impatient too.
Hip. Will you believe death, sh'has forsworn my company,
And seal'd it with a blush.
Liv. So, I perceive
All lies upon my hands then; well, the more glory
When the works finish'd — How now Sir, the news!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Neece, the vertuous *Isabela*,
Is lighted now to see you.
Liv. That's great fortune
Sir, your Stars bless; you simple, lead her in.
Exit Servant.
Hip. What's this to me?
Liv. Your absence gentle Brother,
I must bestir my wits for you.
Hip. I, to great purpose, *Exit Hippolito.*
Liv. Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so well:
I'll go to Bed, and leave this deed undone:

I am

I am the fondeſt where I once affect;
The careſull'ſt of their healths, and of their eaſe forſooth,
That I look ſtill but ſlenderly to mine own,
I take a courſe to pity him ſo much now,
That I have none left for modeſty and my ſelf.
This 'tis to grow ſo liberal; y'have few ſiſters
That love their Brothers eaſe 'bove their own honeſties:
But if you queſtion my affections,
That will be found my fault. Neece, your love's welcome.
Alas what draws that paleneſs to thy cheeks,
This inforc'd marriage towards?

Enter Iſabella *the Neece.*

Iſab. It helps good Aunt
Amongſt ſome other griefs; but thoſe I'll keep
Lock'd up in modeſt ſilence; for they'r ſorrows
Would ſhame the Tongue, more then they grieve the thought:
Liv. Indeed the Ward is ſimple.
Iſab. Simple! that were well:
Why one might make good ſhift with ſuch a husband.
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts down-right in't:
Liv. And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuſe Neece.
Iſab. You ſee it is not.
I loath him more then beauty can hate death
Or age her ſpightful neighbor.
Liv. Let't appear then.
Iſab. How can I being born with that obedience,
That muſt ſubmit unto a fathers will?
If he command, I muſt of force conſent.

Liv.

Liv. Alas poor ſoul! be not offended prethee,
If I ſet by the name of Neece a while,
And bring in pity in a ſtranger faſhion:
It lies here in this Breſt, would croſs this match.
Iſab. How, croſs it Aunt?
Liv. I, and give thee more liberty
Then thou haſt reaſon yet to apprehend.
Iſab. Sweet Aunt, in goodneſs keep not hid from me
What may befriend my life.
Liv. Yes, yes, I muſt,
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the ſolemn Vow I made
To your dead Mother, my moſt loving Siſter;
As long as I have her memory 'twixt mine eye-lids,
Look for no pity now.
Iſab. Kinde, ſweet, dear Aunt.
Liv. No, 'twas a ſecret, I have took ſpecial care of,
Delivered by your Mother on her death bed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though nev'r was fitter time, nor greater cauſe for't.
Iſab. As you deſire the praiſes of a Virgin:
Liv. Good ſorrow! I would do thee any kindneſs,
Not wronging Secrecy, or Reputation.
Iſab. Neither of which (as I have hope of frûitneſs)
Shall receive wrong from me.
Liv. Nay 'twould be your own wrong,
As much as any's, ſhould it come to that once.
Iſab. I need no better means to work perſwaſion then.
Liv. Let it ſuffice, you may refuſe this fool,
Or you may take him, as you ſee occaſion
For your advantage; the beſt wits will do't;

Y'have

Y'have liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be inforc'd; there grows the flowre
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to you.
That which you call your Fathers command's nothing;
Then your obedience must needs be as little.
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
Or pick out ought that likes you, much good do you:
You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner.
Isab. And trust me, I may starve for all the good
I can finde yet in this: Sweet Aunt, deal plainlier.
Liv. Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
And give you in a secret that would start you,
How am I sure of you, in faith and silence?
Isab. Equal assurance may I finde in mercy,
As you for that in me.
Liv. It shall suffice:
Then know, how ever custom h'as made good
For reputations sake, the names of Neece
And Aunt, 'twixt you and I, w'are nothing less.
Isab. How's that?
Liv. I told you I should start your blood.
You are no more alli'd to any of us,
Save what the curtesie of opinion casts
Upon your Mothers memory, and your name,
Then the meer'st stranger is, or one begot
At *Naples*, when the husband lies at *Rome*;
There's so much oddes betwixt us. Since your knowledge
Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for silence; it makes me talk the freelier.
Did never the report of that fam'd *Spaniard*,
Marques of *Coria*, since your time was ripe
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder?

Isab.

Isab. Yes, what of him? I have heard his deeds of honor
Often related when we liv'd in *Naples.*
Liv. You heard the praises of your Father then.
Isab. My Father!
Liv. That was he: But all the business
So carefully and so discreetly carried,
That Fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish;
Your Mother was so wary to her end,
None knew it, but her Conscience, and her friend,
Till penitent confession made it mine,
And now my pity, yours: It had been long else,
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now:
How weak his commands now, whom you call Father?
How vain all his inforcements, your obedience?
And what a largeness in your will and liberty,
To take, or to reject, or to do both?
For fools will serve to father wisemens children:
All this y'have time to think on. O my Wench!
Nothing o'rthrows our Sex but indiscretion,
We might do well else of a brittle people,
As any under the great Canopy:
I pray forget not but to call me Aunt still;
Take heed of that, it may be mark'd in time else,
But keep your thoughts to your self, from all the world,
Kinred, or deareſt friend, nay, I entreat you,
From him that all this while you have call'd Uncle;
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deserts claim as much ev'n from a stranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prethee do not,
As ever thou hast hope of second pity,
If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't.
Isab. Believe my oath, I will not.

Liv

Liv. Why well said:
Who shows more craft t'undo a Maidenhead,
I'll resign my part to her; she's thine own, go.
Exit.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows!
Isab. Have I past so much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know my self
Till this blest hour? Thanks to her vertuous pity
That brought it now to light; would I had known it
But one day sooner, he had then receiv'd
In favors, what (poor Gentleman) he took
In bitter words; a slight and harsh reward
For one of his deserts.
Hip. There seems to me now
More anger and distraction in her looks.
I'm gone, I'll not endure a second storm;
The memory of the first, is not past yet.
Isab. Are you return'd, you comforts of my life?
In this mans presence, I will keep you fast now,
And sooner part eternally from the world,
Then my good joys in you: Prethee forgive me,
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweet-meats that we set before them,
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet Appetite,
And make 'em taste their Wine well: So methinks
After a friendly, sharpe and savory chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o'th' Grape.
How think'st thou, do'st not?
Hip. 'Tis so excellent,

I know not how to praiſe it, what to ſay too't:
Iſab. This marriage ſhall go forward.
Hip. With the Ward,
Are you in earneſt?
Iſab. 'Twould be ill for us elſe
Hip. For us? how means ſhe that?
Iſab. Troth I begin
To be ſo well methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill ones heart:
Nothing can pull me down now; ſhould my Father
Provide a worſe fool yet (which I ſhould think
Were a hard thing to compaſs) I'd have him either;
The worſe the better, none can come amiſs now,
If he want wit enough: So Diſcretion love me,
Deſert and Judgment, I have content ſufficient.
She that comes once to be a houſe-keeper,
Muſt not look every day to fare well Sir,
Like a yong waiting Gentlewoman in ſervice,
For ſhe feeds commonly as her Lady does;
No good bit paſſes her, but ſhe gets a taſte on't;
But when ſhe comes to keep houſe for her ſelf,
She's glad of ſome choice Cates then once a week,
Or twice at moſt, and glad if ſhe can get 'em:
So muſt Affection learn to fare with thankfulneſs.
Pray make your Love no ſtranger Sir; that's all,
Though you be one your ſelf, and know not on't,
And I have ſworn you muſt not. *Exit.*
Hip. This is beyond me!
Never came joys ſo unexpectedly
To meet deſires in man; how came ſhe thus?
What has ſhe done to her can any tell?
'Tis beyond Sorcery this, Drugs, or Love-powders;
Some Art that has no name ſure, ſtrange to me
Of all the wonders I ere met withal
Throughout my ten years travels, but I'm thankful for't.

This

This marriage now muſt of neceſſity forward;
It is the onely vail Wit can deviſe
To keep our acts hid from ſin-peircing eyes. *Exit.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Guardiano *and* Livia.

Liv. How Sir, a Gentlewoman, ſo yong, ſo fair,
As you ſet forth, ſpi'd from the Widows window!
Guard. Shee!
Liv. Our Sunday-dinner woman?
Guard. And thurſday Supper-woman, the ſame ſtill.
I know not how ſhe came by her, but I'll ſwear
She's the prime gallant for a face, in *Florence*;
And no doubt other parts follow their Leader:
The Duke himſelf firſt ſpi'd her at the window;
Then in a rapture, as if admiration
Were poor when it were ſingle, beck'ned me,
And pointed to the wonder warily,
As one that fear'd ſhe would draw in her ſplendor
Too ſoon, if too much gaz'd at: I nev'r knew him
So infinitely taken with a woman,
Nor can I blame his Appetite, or tax
His Raptures of ſlight folly; ſhe's a Creature
Able to draw a State from ſerious buſineſs,
And make it their beſt peece to do her ſervice:
What courſe ſhall we deviſe? h'as ſpoke twice now.
Liv: Twice?
Guard. 'Tis beyond your apprehenſion.
How ſtrangly that one look has catch'd his heart!
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and favor
To thoſe ſhould work his peace.
Liv. And if I do't not,
Or at leaſt come as near it, (if your Art
Will take a little pains, and ſecond me)

As any wench in *Florence* of my ſtanding.
I'll quite give o'r, and ſhut up ſhop in cunning.
Guard. 'Tis for the Duke, and if I fail your purpoſe,
All means to come, by riches or advancement,
Miſs me, and skip me over.
Liv. Let the old woman then
Be ſent for with all ſpeed, then I'll begin.
Guard. A good concluſion follow, and a ſweet one
After this ſtale beginning with old ware. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, do you call?
Guard. Come near, liſt hither.
Liv. I long my ſelf to ſee this abſolute Creature,
That wins the heart of love, and praiſe ſo much.
Guard. Go Sir, make haſte.
Liv. Say I entreat her company;
Do you hear Sir?
Serv. Yes Madam. *Exit.*
Liv. That brings her quickly.
Guard. I would 'twere done, the Duke waits the good hour,
And I wait the good Fortune that may ſpring from't.
I have had a lucky hand theſe fifteen year
At ſuch Court Paſſage with theee Dice in a Diſh.
Seignior *Fabritio!*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Oh Sir, I bring an alteration in my mouth now.
Guard. An alteration! no wiſe Speech I hope;
He means not to talk wiſely, does he trow?
Good! what's the change I pray Sir?

Fab:

Fab. A new change.
Guard. Another yet! faith there's enough already.
Fab. My daughter loves him now.
Guard. What does she Sir?
Fab. Affects him beyond thought, who but the Ward forsooth!
No talk but of the Ward; she would have him
To chuse 'bove all the men she ever saw.
My Will goes not so fast, as her consent now;
Her duty gets before my command still.
Guard. Why then Sir, if you'll have me speak my thoughts,
I smell 'twill be a match.
Fab. I, and a sweet yong couple,
If I have any judgment.
Guard. Faith that's little:
Let her be sent to morrow before noon,
And handsomly trick'd up; for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.
Fab. I warrant you for handsom, I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to night.
Guard. Why well said.
Fab. 'Twas a use her Mother had,
When she was invited to an early wedding;
She'ld dress her head o'r night, spunge up her self,
And give her neck three lathers.
Guard. Ne'r a halter?
Fab. On with her chain of Pearl, her ruby Bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks, and Jiggam-bobs.
Guard So must your daughter.
Fab. I'll about it straight Sir. *Exit* Fabritio.
Liv. How he sweats in the foolish zeal of Fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!

Guard. Y'have let his folly blood in the right vein, Lady.

Liv. And here comes his sweet Son-in-law that shall be;
They're both all'd in wit before the marriage;
What will they be hereafter, when they are neerer?
Yet they can go no further then the Fool:
There's the worlds end in both of 'em.

Enter Ward and Sordido, *one with a Shittlecock, the other a Battledoor.*

Guard. Now yong heir!

Ward. What's the next busines after Shittlecock now?

Guard. To morrow you shall see the Gentlewoman
Must be your wife.

Ward. There's ev'n an other thing too
Must be kept up with a pair of Battledoors.
My wife! what can she do?

Guard. Nay that's a question you should ask your self, Ward,
When y'are alone together.

Ward. That's as I list.
A wife's to be ask anywhere I hope;
I'll ask her in a Congregation, if I have a minde to't, and so save a Licence: My Guardiner has no more wit then an Herb-woman that sells away all her sweet Herbs and Nose-gays, and keeps a stinking breath for her own Pottage.

Sord. Let me be at the chusing of your beloved,
If you desire a woman of good parts.

Ward. Thou shalt sweet *Sordido.*

Sord. I have a plaguy ghess, let me alone to see what she is; if I but look upon her——way, I know

know all the faults to a hair, that you may refuse her for.

Ward. Do'st thou ! I prethee let me hear 'em *Sordido:*

Sord. Well, mark 'em then; I have 'em all in rime.

The wife your Guardiner ought to tender,
Should be pretty, straight and slender;
Heir hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too too loud her tongue:
No pearl in eye, nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut, but what the Catalogue shows.
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once.
Her skin must be both white and plump,
Her body straight, not hopper rumpt,
Or wriggle side-ways like a Crab;
She must be neither Slut nor Drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shooes,
To make her Smock lick up the dews.
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye
She neither must have bump in back, nor belly:
These are the faults that will not make her pass.

Ward. And if I spie not these, I am a rank Ass.

Sord. Nay more; by right Sir, you should see her naked,
For that's the ancient order.

Ward. See her naked?
That were good sport y'faith: I'll have the Books turn'd over;
And if I finde her naked on Record,
She shall not have a rag on: But stay, stay,
How if she should desire to see me so too,
I were in a sweet case then, such a fowl skin:

Sord. But y'have a clean shirt, and that makes amends Sir.

Ward. I will not see her naked for that trick though. *Exit.*

Sord. Then take her with all faults, with her cloaths on!
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll.
'Faith chusing of a Wench in a huge Farthingale,
Is like the buying of ware under a great Pent-house:
What with the deceit of one,
And the false light of th'other, mark my Speeches,
He may have a diseas'd Wench in's Bed,
And rotten stuff in's Breeches. *Exit.*

Guard. It may take handsomly:

Liv. I see small hind'rance:
How now, so soon return'd?

Enter Mother.

Guard. She's come.

Liv. That's well.
Widdow, come, come, I have a great quarrel to you,
Faith I must chide you, that you must be sent for!
You make your self so strange, never come at us;
And yet so neer a neighbor, and so unkinde;
Troth y'are too blame, you cannot be more welcome
To any house in *Florence*, that I'll tell you.

Moth. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much Madam:

Liv. How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometime whole days together without company,
When business draws this Gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society,
Which I so well affect, as that of yours.
I know y'are alone too; why should not we
Like two kinde neighbors, then supply the wants

Of

Of one another, having tongue discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kinde helps
To laugh down time, and meet age meerly?
Moth. Age (Madam) you speak mirth; 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your Ladiship yet.
Liv. My faith I'm nine and thirty, ev'ry stroak Wench,
And 'tis a general observation
Mongst Knights, Wives, or Widows, we accompt
Our selves then old, when yong mens eyes leave looking at's:
'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'r fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember;
Indeed she had a friend at nine and forty;
Marry she paid well for him, and in th'end
He kept a Quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate, and cut her throat.
Moth. She had her punishment in this world (Madam)
And a fair warning to all other women,
That they live chaste at fifty.
Liv. I, or never Wench:
Come, now I have thy company I'll not part with't
Till after supper.
Moth. Yes, I must crave pardon (Madam)
Liv. I swear you shall stay supper; we have no strangers, woman,
None but my sojourners and I; this Gentleman
And the yong heir his Ward; you know our company.
Moth. Some other time, I will make bold with you Madam.
Guard. Nay pray stay Widow.

Liv. 'Faith, she shall not go;
Do you think I'll be forsworn? {*Table and*
Moth. 'Tis a great while {*--Chess.*
Till supper time; I'll take my leave then now (Madam)
And come again i'th' evening! since your Ladiship
Will have it so.
Liv. I'th' evening by my troth Wench,
I'll keep you while I have you; you have great business sure,
To sit alone at home; I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in't! were't to me now
I should be ever at one Neighbours house
Or other all day long; having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go, or stay,
Who may live merrier, I, or more at hearts-ease?
Come, we'll to Chess, or Draughts; there are an hundred tricks
To drive out time till Supper, never fear't Wench.
Moth. I'll but make one step home, and return straight (Madam)
Liv. Come, I'll not trust you; you use more excuses
To your kinde friends then ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure
Y'have lock'd the doors? and that being all you have
I know y'are careful on't: one afternoon
So much to spend here! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week with me,
Or leave your own house for a moneth together,
It were a kindness that long Neighborhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in:
Would you deny such a request? y'faith,
Speak truth, and freely.
Moth. I were then uncivil Madam.

Liv.

Liv. Go too then, set your men; we'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, Wench.
Moth. As good now tell her then, for she will know't;
I have always found her a most friendly Lady.
Liv. Why Widow, where's your minde?
Moth. Troth ev'n at home Madam.
To tell you truth, I left a Gentlewoman
Ev'n sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to yong bloods.
Liv. Another excuse!
Moth. No, as I hope for health, Madam, that's a truth;
Please you to send and see.
Liv. What Gentlewoman? pish.
Moth. Wife to my son indeed, but not known (Madam)
To any but your self.
Liv. Now I beshrew you,
Could you be so unkinde to her and me,
To come and not bring her? Faith 'tis not friendly.
Moth. I fear'd to be too bold.
Liv. Too bold? Oh what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongst Neighbors in old time?
Moth. And she's a stranger (Madam).
Liv. The more should be her welcome; when is courtesie
In better practice, then when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers? I could chide y'Faith.
Leave her behinde, poor Gentlewoman, alone too!
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go.
Moth. Please you command one of your Servants Madam.
Liv. Within there.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.
Liv. Attend the Gentlewoman.
Moth. It must be carried wondrous privately
From my Sons knowledge, he'll break out in storms else.
Hark you Sir.
Liv. Now comes in the heat of your part.
Guard. True, I know it (Lady) and if I be out,
May the Duke banish me from all employments,
Wanton, or serious,
Liv. So, have you sent Widow?
Moth. Yes (Madam) he's almost at home by this.
Liv. And 'faith let me entreat you, that hence forward,
All such unkinde faults may be swept from friendship,
Which does but dim the lustre; and think thus much
It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me,
You cannot set greater dishonor neer me;
For Bounty is the credit and the glory
Of those that have enough: I see y'are sorry,
And the good mends is made by't.
Moth. Here she's Madam:

Enter Brancha, *and Servant.*

Bran: I wonder how she comes to send for me now?
Liv. Gentlewoman, y'are most welcome, trust me y'are,

As

As curteſie can make one, or reſpect
Due to the preſence of you.
Bran. I give you thanks, Lady.
Liv. I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd
An ill condition in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever ſaw you, (yet humanity
Thinks ev'ry caſe her own) to have kept your company
Here from you, and left you all ſolitary:
I rather ventur'd upon boldneſs then
As the leaſt fault, and wiſh'd your preſence here;
A thing moſt happily motion'd of that Gentleman,
Whom I requeſt you, for his care and pity
To honor and reward with your acquaintance,
A Gentleman that Ladies rights ſtands for,
That's his profeſſion.
Bran. 'Tis a noble one, and honors my acquaintance.
Guard. All my intentions are ſervants to ſuch Miſtreſſes.
Bran. 'Tis your modeſty
It ſeems, that makes your deſerts ſpeak ſo low Sir.
Liv. Come Widow, look you Lady, here's our buſineſs;
Are we not well employ'd think you! an old quarrel
Between us, that will never be at an end.
Bran. No, and methinks there's men enough to part you (Lady):
Liv. Ho! but they ſet us on, let us come off
As well as we can, poor ſouls, men care no farther.
I pray ſit down forſooth, if you have the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious Gameſters.

Guard.

Guard. Faith Madam, ſet theſe by till evening,
You'll have enough on't then; the Gentlewoman
Being a ſtranger, would take more delight
To ſee your rooms and pictures:
Liv. Marry, good Sir,
And well remembred, I beſeech you ſhew 'em her;
That will beguile time well; pray heartily do Sir,
I'll do as much for you; here take theſe keys,
Shew her the Monument too, and that's a thing
Every one ſees not; you can witneſs that Widow.
Moth. And that's worth ſight indeed, Madam.
Bran. Kinde Lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you.
Liv. Oh nothing leſs forſooth.
Bran. And to this courteous Gentleman,
That wears a kindneſs in his Breſt ſo noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a ſtranger:
Guard. If you but give acceptance to my ſervice
You do the greateſt grace and honor to me
That curteſie can merit.
Bran. I were too blame elſe,
And out of faſhion much. I pray you lead Sir.
Liv. After a game or two, w'are for you Gentle folks.
Guard. We wiſh no better ſeconds in Society
Then your diſcourſes, Madam, and your partner there.
Moth. I thank your praiſe, I liſten'd to you Sir:
Though when you ſpoke, there came a paltry Roo
Full in my way, and choaks up all my game:
Exit Guardiano & Branch
Liv. Alas poor Widow, I ſhall be too hard fo thee.
Moth. Y'are cunning at the game, I'll be ſwor (Madam).
Liv. It will be found ſo, ere I give you over:

S

She that can place her man well,
Moth. As you do (Madam):
Liv. As I shall (Wench) can never lose her game;
Nay, nay, the black King's mine.
Moth. Cry you mercy (Madam).
Liv. And this my Queen.
Moth. I see't now.
Liv. Here's a Duke
Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon;
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve it self.
Moth. I know that (Madam.)
Liv. You play well the whilst;
How she belies her skill! I hold two duckats,
I give you Check and Mate to your white King:
Simplicity it self, your Saintish King there.
Moth. Well, ere now Lady
I have seen the fall of Subtilty: Jest on.
Liv. I but Simplicitie receives two for one.
Moth. What remedy but patience!

Enter above Guardiano *and* Brancha.

Bran. Trust me Sir,
Mine eye nev'r met with fairer Ornaments.
Guard. Nay, livelier, I'm perswaded, neither *Florence*
Nor *Venice* can produce.
Bran. Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly.
Guard. There's a better peece
Yet then all these: — *Duke above*
Bran. Not possible Sir!
Guard. Believe it
You'll say so when you see't: Turn but your eye now
Y'are upon't presently. *Exit.*
Bran.

Bran. Oh Sir.

Duke. He's gone Beauty!
Piſh, look not after him: He's but a vapor,
That when the Sun appears, is ſeen no more.

Bran. Oh treachery to honor!

Duke. Prethee tremble not;
I feel thy breſt ſhake like a Turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't;
Why art ſo fearful? as I'm friend to brightneſs,
There's nothing but reſpect and honor near thee:
You know me, you have ſeen me; here's a heart
Can witneſs I have ſeen thee:

Bran. The more's my danger.

Duke. The more's thy happineſs: Piſh ſtrive not Sweet;
This ſtrength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here's 'tis ſpent amiſs; ſtrive not to ſeek
Thy liberty, and keep me ſtill in priſon.
'Yfaith you ſhall not out, till I'm releaſt now;
We'll be both freed together, or ſtay ſtill by't;
So is captivity pleaſant.

Bran. Oh my Lord.

Duke. I am not here in vain; have but the leiſure
To think on that, and thou'lt be ſoon reſolv'd:
The lifting of thy voice, is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him.
Take warning I beſeech thee; thou ſeem'ſt to me
A creature ſo compos'd of gentleneſs,
And delicate meekneſs; ſuch as bleſs the faces
Of figures that are drawn for Goddeſſes,
And makes Art proud to look upon her work:
I ſhould be ſorry the leaſt force ſhould lay
An unkinde touch upon thee.

Bran. Oh my extremity!
My Lord, what ſeek you?

Duke. Love.
Bran. 'Tis gone already,
I have a husband.
Duke. That's a ſingle comfort,
Take a friend to him.
Bran. That's a double miſcheif,
Or elſe there's no Religion.
Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making.
Bran. Nor great Lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruine;
Becauſe they fear not you; me they muſt fright;
Then am I beſt in health: Should thunder ſpeak,
And none regard it, it had loſt the name,
And were as good be ſtill. I'm not like thoſe
That take their ſoundeſt ſleeps in greateſt tempeſts,
Then wake I moſt, the weather fearfulleſt,
And call for ſtrength to vertue.
Duke. Sure I think
Thou know'ſt the way to pleaſe me. I affect
A paſſionate pleading, 'bove an eaſie yeilding,
But never pitied any, they deſerve none
That will not pity me: I can command,
Think upon that; yet if thou truly knoweſt
The infinite pleaſure my affection takes
In gentle, fair entreatings, when loves buſineſſes
Are carried curteouſly 'twixt heart and heart,
You'ld make more haſte to pleaſe me.
Bran. Why ſhould you ſeek Sir,
To take away that you can never give?
Duke. But I give better in exchange; wealth, honor:
She that is fortunate in a Dukes favor,
Lights on a Tree that bears all womens wiſhes:
If your own Mother ſaw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praiſe the time

Of your Nativity, take hold of glory.
Do not I know y'have cast away your life
Upon necessities, means meerly doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion,
(A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied)
And can you be so much your Beauties enemy,
To kiss away a moneth or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come play the wife wench, and provide for ever;
Let storms come when they list, they finde thee shelter'd:
Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee;
Put trust in our love for the managing
Of all to thy hearts peace. We'll walk together,
And shew a thankful joy for both our fortunes.

Exit above.

Liv. Did not I say my Duke would fetch you over (Widow)?

Moth. I think you spoke in earnest when you said it (Madam).

Liv. And my black King makes all the haste he can too.

Moth. Well (Madam) we may meet with him in time yet.

Liv. I have given thee blinde mate twice.

Moth. You may see (Madam)
My eyes begin to fail.

Liv. I'll swear they do, Wench.

Enter Guardiano.

Guard. I can but smile as often as I think on't,
How prettily the poor fool was beguild:
How unexpectedly; it's a witty age,
Never were finer snares for womens honesties
Then are devis'd in these days; no Spiders web

Made

Made of a daintier thred, then are now practis'd
To catch loves fleſh-flie by the ſilver wing:
Yet to prepare her ſtomach by degrees
To *Cupids* feaſt, becauſe I ſaw 'twas quezy,
I ſhew'd her naked pictures by the way;
A bit to ſtay the appetite. Well, Advancement!
I venture hard to finde thee; if thou com'ſt
With a greater title ſet upon thy Creſt,
I'll take that firſt croſs patiently, and wait
Until ſome other comes greater then that.
I'll endure all.

Liv. The game's ev'n at the beſt now; you may ſee Widow
How all things draw to an end.

Moth. Ev'n ſo do I Madam,

Liv. I pray take ſome of your neighbors along with you.

Moth. They muſt be thoſe are almoſt twice your years then,
If they be choſe fit matches for my time, Madam.

Liv. Has not my Duke beſtir'd himſelf?

Moth. Yes faith Madam; h'as done me all the miſchief in this Game.

Liv. H'as ſhew'd himſelf in's kinde.

Moth. In's kinde, call you it? I may ſwear that.

Liv. Yes faith, and keep your oath.

Guard. Hark, liſt, there's ſome body coming down; 'tis ſhe.

Enter Brancha.

Bran. Now bleſs me from a blaſting; I ſaw that now,
Fearful for any womans eye to look on;
Infectious miſts, and mill-dews hang at's eyes:

The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him.
Yet since mine honors Leprous, who should I
Preserve that fair that caus'd the Leprosie?
Come poyson all at once: Thou in whose baseness
The bane of Vertue broods, I'm bound in Soul
Eternally to curse thy smooth brow'd treachery,
That wore the fair vail of a friendly welcome,
And I a stranger; think upon't, 'tis worth it.
Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,
At his last breath will not lie heavier
Then this betraying Act upon thy Conscience:
Beware of offring the first-fruits to sin;
His weight is deadly, who commits with strumpets,
After they have been abus'd, and made for use;
If they offend to th'death, as wise men know,
How much more they then that first make 'em so?
I give thee that to feed on; I'm made bold now,
I thank thy treachery; sin and I'm acquainted,
No couple greater; and I'm like that great one,
Who making politick use of a base villain,
He likes the Treason well, but hates the Traytor;
So I hate thee slave.

Guard. Well, so the Duke love me,
I fare not much amiss then; two great Feasts
Do seldom come together in one day;
We must not look for 'em.

Bran. What at it still Mother?

Moth. You see we sit by't; are you so soon return'd?

Liv. So lively, and so chearful, a good sign that.

Moth. You have not seen all since sure?

Bran. That have I Mother,
The Monument and all: I'm so beholding

To

To this kinde, honeſt, curteous Gentleman,
You'ld little think it (Mother) ſhow'd me all,
Had me from place to place, ſo faſhionably;
The kindneſs of ſome people, how't exceeds?
'Faith, I have ſeen that I little thought to ſee,
I'th' morning when I roſe.

Moth. Nay, ſo I told you
Before you ſaw't, it would prove worth your ſight.
I give you great thanks for my daughter Sir,
And all your kindneſs towards her.

Guard. O good Widow!
Much good may do her; forty weeks hence, y'faith.

Enter Servant.

Liv. Now Sir.

Serv. May't pleaſe you Madam to walk in,
Supper's upon the Table?

Liv. Yes, we come;
Wilt pleaſe you Gentlewoman?

Bran. Thanks vertuous Lady,
(Y'are a damn'd Baud) I'll follow you forſooth,
Pray take my Mother in, an old Aſs go with you;
This Gentleman and I vow not to part.

Liv. Then get you both before.

Bran. There lies his art. *Exeunt.*

Liv. Widow I'll follow you; is't ſo, Damn'd Baud?
Are you ſo bitter? 'Tis but want of uſe;
Her tender modeſty is Sea-ſick a little,
Being not accuſtom'd to the breaking billow
Of Womans wavering Faith, blown with tempta-tions.

'Tis but a qualm of honor, 'twill away,
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not.
Sin tastes at the first draught like Worm-wood Water,
But drunk again, 'tis *Nectar* ever after. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Enter Mother.

Moth. I Would my Son would either keep at home,
Or I were in my grave; she was but one day abroad, but ever since
She's grown so cutted, there's no speaking to her:
Whether the sight of great chear at my Ladies,
And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,
I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd.
I'll nev'r keep daughter-in-law i'th' house with me
Again, if I had an hundred: When read I of any
That agreed long together, but she and her mother
Fell out in the first quarter! nay, sometime
A grudging of a scolding the first week by'r Lady;
So takes the new disease methinks in my house;
I'm weary of my part, there's nothing likes her;
I know not how to please her, here a-late;
And here she comes.

Enter Brancha.

Bran: This is the strangest house
For all defects, as ever Gentlewoman

Made

Made shift withal, to pass away her love in.
Why is there not a Cushion-cloth of Drawn-work,
Or some fair Cut-work pin'd up in my Bed-chamber?
A silver and gilt-casting Bottle hung by't?
Nay, since I am content to be so kinde to you,
To spare you for a silver Bason and Ewre,
Which one of my fashion looks for of duty;
She's never offered under, where she sleeps.
Moth. She talks of things here my whole state's not worth.
Bran. Never a green silk quilt is there i'th' house Mother,
To cast upon my Bed?
Moth. No by troth is there,
Nor orange tawny neither.
Bran. Here's a house
For a yong Gentlewoman to be got with childe in.
Moth. Yes, simple though you make it, there has been three
Got in a year in't, since you move me to't;
And all as sweet fac'd children, and as lovely,
As you'll be Mother of; I will not spare you:
What cannot children be begot think you,
Without gilt casting Bottles? Yes, and as sweet ones.
The Millers daughter brings forth as white boys,
As she that bathes her self with Milk and Bean flower.
'Tis an old saying, One may keep gook cheer
In a mean house; so may true love affect
After the rate of Princes in a Cottage.
Bran. Troth you speak wondrous well for your old house here;
'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop when you go to Bed, like a good childe

To ask you blessing. Must I live in want,
Because my fortune matcht me with your Son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands,
To the end to be quite cast away; they look
To be the better us'd, and tender'd rather,
Highlier respected, and maintain'd the richer;
They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband. I ask less now
Then what I had at home when I was a Maid,
And at my Fathers house, kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will;
Will Mother, if she be not a fool born;
And report went of me, that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old,
And by that copy, this Land still I hold.
You hear me Mother. *Exit.*

Moth. I too plain methinks;
And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,
'Twere nev'r awhit the worse for my quietness:
'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,
And the most subtilest that ev'r wit at threescore
Was puzzled to finde out: I know no cause for't; but
She's no more like the Gentlewoman at first,
Then I am like her that nev'r lay with man yet,
And she's a very yong thing where ere she be;
When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she should finde all things; she was pleas'd forsooth,
None better: I laid open all defects to her,
She was contented still; but the Devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now: To night my Son
Promisd to be at home, would he were come once,
For I'm weary of my charge, and life too:

She'ld

She'ld be serv'd all in silver by her good will,
By night and day; she hates the name of Pewterer,
More then sickmen the noise, or diseas'd bones
That quake at fall o'th' Hammer, seeming to have
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow:
What course shall I think on? she frets me so.

Enter Leantio.

Lean. How near am I now to a happiness,
That Earth exceeds not? not another like it;
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man,
Lockt up in womans love. I sent the air
Of Blessings when I come but near the house;
What a delicious breath Marriage sends forth!
The Violet-beds not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a Banquetting-house built in a Garden,
On which the Springs chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors; when base Lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a Ditch side.
When I behold a glorious dangerous Strumpet,
Sparkling in Beauty and Destruction too,
Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
Her beautifi'd body to a goodly Temple
That's built on Vaults where Carkasses lie rotting,
And so by little and little I shrink back again,
And quench desire with a cool Meditation,
And I'm as well methinks: Now for a welcome

Able

Able to draw mens envies upon man:
A kiſs now that will hang upon my lip,
As ſweet as morning dew upon a Roſe,
And full as long; after a five days faſt
She'll be ſo greedy now, and cling about me;
I take care how I ſhall be rid of her,
And here't begins.

Bran. Oh Sir, y'are welcome home.

Moth. Oh is he come, I am glad on't.

Lean. Is that all?
Why this? as dreadful now as ſudden death
To ſome rich man, that flatters all his ſins
With promiſe of Repentance, when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't.
Sure y'are not well, *Brancha!* How do'ſt prethee?

Bran: I have been better then I am at this time.

Lean. Alas, I thought ſo.

Bran. Nay, I have been worſe too;
Then now you ſee me Sir.

Lean. I'm glad thou mendſt yet,
I feel my heart mend too: How came it to thee?
Has any thing diſlik'd thee in my abſence?

Bran. No certain, I have had the beſt content
That *Florence* can afford.

Lean. Thou makeſt the beſt on't,
Speak Mother, what's the cauſe? you muſt needs know.

Moth. Troth I know none Son, let her ſpeak her ſelf;
Unleſs it be the ſame 'gave *Lucifer* a tumbling caſt; that's pride.

Bran. Methinks this houſe ſtands nothing to my minde;
I'ld have ſome pleaſant lodging i'th' high ſtreet Sir,
Or if 'twere neer the Court Sir, that were much better;

'Tis a sweet recreation for a Gentlewoman,
To stand in a Bay-window, and see gallants.
Lean. Now I have another temper, a meer stranger
To that of yours, it seems; I should delight
To see none but your self.
Bran. I praise not that:
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish;
I would not have a husband of that pronenes,
To kiss me before company, for a world:
Beside 'tis tedious to see one thing still (Sir)
Be it the best that ever heart affected;
Nay, wer't your self, whose love had power you know
To bring me from my friends, I would not stand thus,
And gaze upon you always: Troth I could not Sir;
As good be blinde, and have no use of sight
As look on one thing still: What's the eyes treasure,
But change of objects? You are learned Sir,
And know I speak not ill; 'till full as vertuous
For womans eye to look on several men,
As for her heart (Sir) to be fixed on one.
Lean. Now thou com'st home to me; a kiss for that word.
Bran. No matter for a kiss Sir, let it pass,
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as minde it,
Let's talk of other business, and forget it.
What news now of the Pirats, any stirring?
Prethee discourse a little:
Moth. I am glad he's here yet
To see her tricks himself; I had lied monstrously,
If I had told 'em first.
Lean. Speak what's the humor (Sweet)
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont.
Bran. Is there no kindnes betwixt man and wife,

Unleſs they make a Pigeon-houſe of friendſhip,
And be ſtill billing; 'tis the idleſt fondneſs
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
Its grown a faſhion for poor Gentlewomen;
There's many a diſeaſe kiſs'd in a year by't,
And a French curſie made to't: Alas Sir,
Think of the world, how we ſhall live, grow ſerious;
We have been married a whole fortnight now.

Lean. How? a whole fortnight! why is that ſo long?

Bran. 'Tis time to leave off dalliance; 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remembred,
And I was bound to obey it.

Moth. Here's one fits him;
This was well catch'd y'faith Son, like a fellow
That rids another Countrey of a Plague,
And brings it home with him to his own houſe. { *Knock within.*
Who knocks?

Lean. Who's there now? withdraw you *Brancha*,
Thou art a Jem no ſtrangers eye muſt ſee,
How ev'r thou pleas'd now to look dull on me.

Exit.

Enter Meſſenger.

Y'are welcome Sir; to whom your buſineſs, pray?

Meſs. To one I ſee not here now.

Lean. Who ſhould that be Sir?

Meſs. A yong Gentlewoman, I was ſent to.

Lean. A yong Gentlewoman?

Meſs. I Sir, about ſixteen; why look you wildly Sir?

Lean.

Lean. At your ſtrange error: Y'have miſtook the houſe Sir.
There's none ſuch here, I aſſure you.
Meſs. I aſſure you too,
The man that ſent me, cannot be miſtook.
Lean. Why, who is't ſent you Sir?
Meſs. The Duke:
Lean. The Duke?
Meſs. Yes, he entreates her company at a Banquet
At Lady *Livia*'s houſe.
Lean. Troth ſhall I tell you Sir,
It is the moſt erroneous buſineſs
That ere your honeſt pains was abus'd with;
I pray forgive me, if I ſmile a little,
I cannot chuſe y'faith Sir, at an error
So Comical as this (I mean no harm though)
His grace has been moſt wondrous ill inform'd,
Pray ſo return it (Sir). What ſhould her name be?
Meſs. That I ſhall tell you ſtraight too, *Brancha Capella.*
Lean. How Sir, *Brancha?* What do you call th'other.
Meſs. Capella; Sir, it ſeems you know no ſuch then?
Lean. Who ſhould this be? I never heard o'th' name.
Meſs. Then 'tis a ſure miſtake.
Lean. What if you enquir'd
In the next ſtreet Sir? I ſaw Gallants there
In the new houſes that are built of late.
Ten to one, there you finde her.
Meſs. Nay no matter,
I will return the miſtake, and ſeek no further.
Lean. Uſe your own will and pleaſure Sir, y'are welcome. *Exit Meſſenger.*

What

What shall I think of first? Come forth *Brancha*,
Thou art betraid I fear me.

Enter Brancha.

Bran. Betraid, how Sir?
Lean: The Duke knows thee:
Bran. Knows me! how know you that Sir?
Lean: Has got thy name.
Bran. I, and my good name too,
That's worse o'th' twain:
Lean. How comes this work about?
Bran: How should the Duke know me? can you ghess Mother?
Moth. Not I with all my wits, sure we kept house close.
Lean. Kept close! not all the Locks in *Italy*
Can keep you women so; you have been gadding,
And ventur'd out at twilight, to th' Court-green yonder,
And met the gallant Bowlers coming home;
Without your Masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd else;
Thou hast been seen *Brancha* by some stranger;
Never excuse it.
Bran. I'll not seek the way Sir;
Do you think y'have married me to mew me up
Not to be seen; what would you make of me?
Lean: A good wife, nothing else.
Bran. Why, so are some
That are seen ev'ry day, else the Devil take 'em.
Lean. No more then I believe all vertuous in thee,
Without an argument; 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief;
But I have devis'd a riddance.

Moth

Moth. Now I can tell you Son,
The time and place.
Lean. When, where?
Moth. What wits have I?
When you last took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at Window.
Lean. Right, I know that.
Moth. And not the third part of an hour after,
The Duke past by in a great solemnity,
To St. *Marks* Temple, and to my apprehension
He look'd up twice to th' Window.
Lean. Oh there quick'ned
The mischief of this hour!
Bran. If you call't mischief,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with:
Lean. Look'd he up twice, and could you take no warning!
Moth. Why once may do as much harm Son, as a thousand;
Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house,
As well as a whole Furnace?
Lean. My heart flames for't,
Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely;
I have bethought a means; is the door fast?
Moth. I lockt it my self after him.
Lean. You know Mother,
At the end of the dark Parlor there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a Conveyance,
No search could ever finde it: When my Father
Kept in for man-slaughter, it was his Sanctuary;
There will I lock my lifes best treasure up,
Brancha?
Bran. Would you keep me closer yet?
Have you the conscience? y'are best ev'n choke me up Sir?
You make me fearful of your health and wits,

You

You cleave to such wilde courses, what's the matter?

Lean. Why, are you so insensible of your danger
To ask that now? the Duke himself has sent for you
To Lady *Livia's*, to a Banquet forsooth.

Bran. Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so!
And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
To tell me on't till now: You shew your loyalty
And honesty at once, and so farewel Sir.

Lean. Brancha, whether now?

Bran. Why to the Duke Sir.
You say he sent for me.

Lean. But thou dost not mean to go, I hope.

Bran. No? I shall prove unmannerly,
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you.
Come Mother come, follow his humor no longer,
We shall be all executed for treason shortly.

Moth. Not I y'faith; I'll first obey the Duke,
And taste of a good Banquet, I'm of thy minde.
I'll step but up, and fetch two Handerchiefs
To pocket up some Sweet-meats, and o'r take thee.

Exit.

Bran. Why here's an old Wench would trot into a Baud now,
For some dry Sucket, or a Colt in March-pain. *Exit.*

Lean. Oh thou the ripe time of mans misery, wedlock;
When all his thoughts like over laden Trees,
Crack with the Fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies.
Oh that's a fruit that ripens haftily,
After 'tis knit to marriage; it begins
As soon as the Sun shines upon the Bride
A little to shew colour. Blessed Powers!

Whence

Whence comes this alteration! the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings are numberless,
And yet the cause I know not: What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then
The infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss:
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine,
That wears his youth out in a strumpets arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman,
Then at the time of Lust; but walks away,
And if he finde her dead at his return,
His pitty is soon done, he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a peece on't!
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and troubles,
And still renew'd cares of a marriage Bed,
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. A good perfection to your thoughts.
Lean. The news Sir?
Mess. Though you were pleas'd of late to pin an error on me,
You must not shift another in your stead too:
The Duke has sent me for you.
Lean. How for me Sir?
I see then 'tis my theft; w'are both betraid.
Well, I'm not the first h'as stoln away a Maid,
My Countrymen have us'd it: I'll along with you Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæn 2. *A Banquet prepared: Enter Guardiano and Ward:*

Guard. Take you eſpecial note of ſuch a Gentlewoman,
She's here on purpoſe, I have invited her,
Her Father, and her Uncle, to this Banquet;
Mark her behavior well, it does concern you;
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modeſtly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your underſtanding.
You know I'm both your Guardian, and your Uncle,
My care of you is double, Ward and Nephew,
And I'll expreſs it here.
Ward. Faith, I ſhould know her
Now by her mark among a thouſand women:
A lettle pretty deft and tidy thing you ſay:
Guard. Right.
Ward. With a luſty ſprouting ſprig in her hair.
Guard: Thou goeſt the right way ſtill; take one mark more,
Thou ſhalt nev'r finde her hand out of her Uncles,
Or elſe his out of hers, if ſhe be near him:
The love of kinred, never yet ſtuck cloſer
Then their's to one another; he that weds her,
Marries her Uncles heart too. *Cornets.*
Ward. Say you ſo Sir,
Then I'll be ask'd i'th' Church to both of them.
Guard. Fall back, here comes the Duke.
Ward. He brings a Gentlewoman,
I ſhould fall forward rather.

Enter

Enter Duke, Brancha, Fabritio, Hippolito, Livia, *Mother*, Isabella, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come *Brancha*,
Of purpose sent into the world to shew
Perfection once in woman; I'll believe
Hence forward they have ev'ry one a Soul too
'Gainst all the uncurteous opinions
That mans uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em.
Glory of *Florence* light into mine arms!

Enter Leantio.

Bran. Yon comes a grudging man will chide you Sir;
The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,
And fall here if it durst, it powres down yonder.
Duke. If that be he, the weather shall soon clear.
List, and I'll tell thee how.
Lean. A kissing too?
I see 'tis plain Lust now; Adultery boldned;
What will it prove anon, when 'tis stufft full
Of Wine and Sweet-meats, being so impudent Fasting?
Duke. We have heard of your good parts Sir, which we honor
With our embrace and love; is not the Captainship
Of *Rouans* Cittadel, since the late deceas'd,
Suppli' by any yet?
Gentlem. By none my Lord.
Duke. Take it, the place is yours then, and as faithfulness
And desert grows, our favor shall grow with't:
Rise now the Captain of our Fort at *Rouans*.
Lean. The service of whole life give your Grace thanks.

Duke. Come sit *Brancha.*

Lean. This is some good yet,
And more then ev'r I look'd for, a fine bit
To stay a Cuckolds stomach: All preferment
That springs from sin and lust, it shoots up quickly,
As Gardiners crops do in the rotten'st grounds;
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution,
Ev'n like a Sallet growing upon a dunghil:
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry, and half mad, much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,
And wears a plague-sore that would fright a Country;
Or rather like the barren hardned Ass,
That feeds on Thistles till he bleeds again;
And such is the condition of my misery.

Liv. Is that your Son widow?

Moth. Yes, did your Ladiship never know that till now?

Liv. No trust me did I,
Nor ever truly felt the power of love,
And pitty to a man, till now I knew him;
I have enough to buy me my desires,
And yet to spare; that's one good comfort. Hark you?
Pray let me speak with you Sir, before you go.

Lean. With me Lady? you shall, I am at your service:
What will she say now trow, more goodness yet?

Ward. I see her now I'm sure; the Ape's so little,
I shall scarce feel her; I have seen almost
As tall as she, sold in the Fair for ten pence.
See how she simpers it, as if Marmalad
Would not melt in her mouth; she might have the kindness y'faith
To send me a guilded Bull from her own Trencher,

A

A Ram, a Goat, or ſomewhat to be nibling.
Theſe women when they come to ſweet things once,
They forget all their friends, they grow ſo greedy;
Nay, oftentimes their husbands.
Duke. Here's a health now Gallants,
To the beſt beauty at this day in *Florence*.
Bran. Who ere ſhe be, ſhe ſhall not go unpledg'd Sir,
Duke. Nay, your excus'd for this.
Bran. Who I my Lord?
Duke. Yes by the Law of *Bacchus*; plead your benefit,
You are not bound to pledge your own health Lady.
Bran. That's a good way my Lord to keep me dry.
Duke. Nay, then I will not offend *Venus* ſo much,
Let *Bacchus* ſeek his mends in another Court,
Here's to thy ſelf *Brancha*.
Bran. Nothing comes
More welcome to that name then your Grace.
Lean. So, ſo;
Here ſtands the poor theif now that ſtole the treaſure,
And he's not thought on, ours is near kin now
To a twin-miſery born into the world.
Firſt the hard conſcienc'd-worldling, he hoords wealth up,
Then comes the next, and he feaſts all upon't;
One's damn'd for getting, th'other for ſpending on't:
Oh equal Juſtice, thou has't met my ſin
With a full weight, I'm rightly now oppreſt,
All her friends heavy hearts lie in my Breſt.
Duke. Methinks there is no ſpirit amongſt us Gallants,
But what divinely ſparkles from the eyes
Of bright *Brancha*; we ſat all in darkneſs,

But for that Splendor: Who was't told us lately
Of a match making right, a marriage tender?
Guard. 'Twas I my Lord.
Duke. 'Twas you indeed: Where is she?
Guard. This is the Gentlewoman.
Fab. My Lord, my Daughter.
Duke. Why here's some stirring yet.
Fab. She's a dear childe to me.
Duke. That must needs be; you say she is your Daughter.
Fab. Nay, my good Lord, dear to my purse I mean
Beside my person, I nev'r reckon'd that.
She has the full qualities of a Gentlewoman;
I have brought her up to Musick, Dancing, what not,
That may commend her Sex, and stir her husband?
Duke. And which is he now?
Guard. This yong Heir, my Lord.
Duke. What is he brought up too?
Hip. To Cat and Trap.
Guard. My Lord, he's a great Ward, wealthy, but simple;
His parts consist in Acres.
Duke. Oh Wise-acres.
Guard. Y'have spoke him in a word Sir.
Bran. 'Lass poor Gentlewoman,
She's ill bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,
And laid in more provision for her youth.
Fools will not keep in Summer.
Lean. No, nor such wives
From whores in winter.
Duke. Yea, the voice too Sir!
Fab. I, and a sweet Breast too my Lord, I hope,
Or I have cast away my money wisely;
She took her prickson earlier, my Lord,

Then

Then any of her kinred ever did:
A rare childe, though I say't, but I'ld not have
The Baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell
straight:
And Maids of all things must not be puft up.
Duke. Let's turn us to a better Banquet then,
For Musick bids the soul of a man to a Feast,
And that's indeed, a noble entertainment,
Worthy *Brancha's* self; you shall perceive Beauty,
Our *Florentine* Damsels are not brought up idlely.
Bran. They'are wiser of themselves, it seems my
Lord,
And can take gifts, when goodness offers 'em.
Musick.
Lean. True, and damnation has taught you that
wisdom,
You can take gifts too. Oh that Musick mocks me!
Liv. I am as dumb to any language now;
But Loves, as one that never learn'd to speak:
I am not yet so old, but he may think of me;
My own fault, I have been idle a long time;
But I'll begin the week, and paint to morrow,
So follow my true labor day by day.
I never thriv'd so well, as when I us'd it.

SONG.

WHat harder chance can fall to woman,
Who was born to cleave to some-man;
Then to bestow her time, youth, beauty,
Life's observance, honor, duty,
On a thing for no use good,
But to make Physick work, or blood force fresh

Ward. Here's a tune indeed; Pish I had rather hear one Ballad sung i'th' Nose now, of the lamentable drowning of fat Sheep and Oxen, then all these simpering tunes plaid

In an old Ladies cheek, she that would be
Mother of fools, let her compound with me.

upon Cats-guts, and sung by little Kitlings.

Fab. How like you her Breſt now my Lord?
Bran. Her Breſt?
He talks as if his daughter had given ſuck
Before ſhe were married, as her betters have;
The next he praiſes ſure, will be her Nipples.
Duke. Methinks now, ſuch a voice to ſuch a husband,
Is like a Jewel of unvalued worth,
Hung at a Fools ear.
Fab. May it pleaſe your Grace
To give her leave to ſhew another Quality.
Duke. Marry as many good ones as you will Sir,
The more the better welcome.
Lean. But the leſs
The better practis'd: That ſoul's black indeed
That cannot commend Vertue; but who keeps it!
The Extortioner will ſay to a ſick begger,
Heaven comfort thee, though he give none himſelf:
This good is common.
Fab. Will it pleaſe you now Sir,
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,
And lead her in a dance before the Duke?
Guard. That will I Sir, 'tis needful; hark you Nephew.
Fab. Nay, you ſhall ſee yong heir, what y'have for your money,
Without fraud or impoſture.
Ward. Dance with her!
Not I ſweet Gardiner, do not urge my heart to't,
'Tis clean againſt my Blood; dance with a ſtranger!

Let

Let who's will do't, I'll not begin first with her.
Hip. No fear't not fool, sh'as took a better order.
Guard. Why who shall take her then?
Ward. Some other Gentleman;
Look, there's her Uncle, a fine timber'd Reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too,
I'll have him do't before me, I have sworn Gardiner,
Then may I learn the better.
Guard. Thou'lt be an ass still.
Ward. I, all that Uncle, shall not fool me out.
Pish, I stick closer to my self then so.
Guard. I must entreat you Sir, to take your Neece
And dance with her; my Ward's a little wilful,
He would have you shew him the way.
Hip. Me Sir?
He shall command it at all hours, pray tell him so.
Guard. I thank you for him, he has not wit himself Sir.
Hip. Come my life's peace, I have a strange office on't here,
'Tis some mans luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom; but my fortune
To set 'em out now, for anothers liking,
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself; need must be obey'd
In ev'ry action, it mars man and maid. *Musick.*
Duke. Signior *Fabritio*, y'are a happy Father,
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,
Your cost bears noble fruits. *Hippolito* thanks.
A dance, making Honors to the D. and curtsie to themselves, both before and after.
Fab. Here's some amends for all my charges yet.
She wins both prick and praise, where ere she comes.

Duke.

Duke. How lik'ſt *Brancha* ?
Bran. All things well, my Lord :
But this poor Gentlewomans fortune, that's the worſt.
Duke. There is no doubt *Brancha*, ſhe'll finde leiſure
To make that good enough ; he's rich and ſimple.
Bran. She has the better hope o'th' upper hand indeed,
Which women ſtrive for moſt.
Guard. Do't when I bid you Sir.
Ward. I'll venture but a Horn-pipe with her Gardiner,
Or ſome ſuch married mans dance.
Guard. We'll venture ſomething Sir.
Ward. I have rime for what I do.
Guard. But little reaſon, I think.
Ward. Plain men dance the Meaſures, the Sinquapace, the Gay :
Cuckolds dance the Horn-pipe ; and Farmers dance the Hay :
Your Soldiers dance the Round, and Maidens that grow big :
You Drunkards, the Canaries ; you Whore and Baud, the Jigg.
Here's your eight kinde of Dancers, he that findes the nineth, let him
Pay the Minſtrels.
Duke. Oh here he appears once in his own perſon;
I thought he would have married her by Attorney,
And lain with her ſo too.
Bran. Nay, my kinde Lord,
There's very ſeldom any found ſo fooliſh
To give away his part there.
Lean. Bitter ſcoff ;
Yet I muſt do't ; with what a cruel pride ! *Muſick*

Th

The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions. (*Ward and* Isabella *dance, he ridiculously imitates* Hippolito.)

Duke. This thing will make shift (Sirs) to make a husband,

For ought I see in him; how thinks't *Brancha?*

Bran. 'Faith an ill-favored shift my Lord, methinks;

If he would take some voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent shift to be content with him.

Duke. A kiss; that wit deserves to be made much on:

Come, our Caroch:

Guard. Stands ready for your Grace,

Duke. My thanks to all your loves: Come fair *Brancha,*

We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now.

Bran. Your love is great, my Lord.

Duke. Once more our thanks to all.

Omnes: All blest Honors guard you. (*Exe. all but* Leantio *and* Livia; *Cornets flourish.*)

Lean: Oh hast thou left me then *Brancha,* utterly!

Brancha! now I miss thee; Oh return!
And save the faith of woman; I nev'r felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight, then youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were faln upon man here; so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable
A torment, ev'n mistooke, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it in scalding oyl,

Liv:

Liv. Sweet Sir!

Lean. As long as mine eye ſaw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee.

Liv. Sir?

Lean. Canſt thou forget
The dear pains my love took, how it has watch't
Whole nights together, in all weathers for thee,
Yet ſtood in heart more merry then the tempeſts
That ſung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers
That can ſet all their miſcheif to ſweet tunes;
And then receiv'd thee from thy fathers window,
Into theſe arms at midnight, when we embrac'd
As if we had been Statues onely made for't,
To ſhew arts life, ſo ſilent were our comforts,
And kiſs'd as if our lips had grown together!

Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.

Lean. Canſt thou forget all this? And better joys
That we met after this, which then new kiſſes
Took pride to praiſe.

Liv. I ſhall grow madder yet, Sir:

Lean. This cannot be but of ſome cloſe Bauds working:
Cry mercy Lady. What would you ſay to me?
My ſorrow makes me ſo unmannerly,
So comfort bleſs me, I had quite forgot you.

Liv. Nothing but ev'n in pitty too, that paſſion
Would give your grief good counſel.

Lean. Marry, and welcome Lady,
It never could come better.

Liv. Then firſt Sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know moſt aſſuredly, ſhe is a ſtrumpet.

Lean. Ha: Moſt aſſuredly! Speak not a thing
So vilde ſo certainly, leave it more doubtful.

Liv. Then I muſt leave all truth, and ſpare my knowledge,

A sin which I too lately found and wept for.

Lean. Found you it?

Liv. I with wet eyes.

Lean. Oh perjurious friendship!

Liv. You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her Sir.

Yong Gentlemen, that onely love for beauty,
They love not wisely; such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want's the Key of whoredom.
I think y'had small means with her.

Lean. Oh not any Lady.

Liv. Alas poor Gentleman, what meant'st thou Sir,
Quite to undo thy self with thine own kinde heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry Sir, thank thy Stars for this blest fortune
That rids the Summer of thy youth so well
From many Beggers that had lain a sunning
In thy beams onely else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labor.
What would you say now to a Creature found
As pitiful to you, and as it were
Ev'n sent on purpose from the whole Sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shewn to't?

Lean. What's that Madam?

Liv. Nay, a Gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things, I, and bears a conscience to't;
Couldst thou love such a one, that (blow all fortunes)
Would never see thee want?
Nay more, maintain thee to thine enemies envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep, unless loves musick waked thee;
No storm of fortune should look upon me,
And know that woman:

Lean.

Lean. Oh my life's wealth *Brancha!*

Liv. Still with her name? will nothing wear it out?
That deep ſigh went but for a ſtrumpet Sir.

Lean. It can go for no other that loves me.

Liv. He's next in minde; I came too ſoon to him;
Where's my diſcretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own, love:
'Tis as unſeaſonable to tempt him now
So ſoon, as a widow to be courted
Following her husbands coarſe, or to make bargain
By the grave ſide, and take a yong man there:
Her ſtrange departure ſtands like a herſe yet
Before his eyes; which time will take down ſhortly.
Exit.

Lean. Is ſhe my wife till death? yet no more mine;
That's a hard meaſure; then what's marriage good for?
Me thinks by right, I ſhould not now be living,
And then 'twere all well: What a happineſs
Had I been made of, had I never ſeen her;
For nothing makes mans loſs grievous to him,
But knowledge of the worth of what he loſes;
For what he never had, he never miſſes:
She's gone for ever; utterly there is
As much redemption of a ſoul from Hell,
As a fair womans body from his pallace.
Why ſhould my love laſt longer then her truth?
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When onely that which makes her ſo, has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I muſt like
Her ſin, and my own ſhame too, and be guilty
Of Laws breach with her, and mine own abuſing;
All which were monſtrous: Then my ſafeſt courſe
For health of minde and body, is to turn
My heart, and hate her, moſt extreamly hate her;

I have

I have no other way: Thoſe vertuous powers
Which were chaſte witneſſes of both our troths,
Can witneſs ſhe breaks firſt, and I'm rewarded
With Captainſhip o'th' Fort; a place of credit
I muſt confeſs, but poor; my Factorſhip
Shall not exchange means with't: He that di'd laſt in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he di'd a begger
For all his thrift; beſides the place not fits me;
It ſuits my reſolution, not my breeding.

Enter Livia.

Liv. I have tri'd all ways I can, and have not power
To keep from ſight of him: How are you now Sir?
Lean. I feel a better eaſe Madam.
Liv. Thanks to bleſſedneſs.
You will do well I warrant you, fear it not Sir;
Joyn but your own good will to't; he's not wiſe
That loves his pain or ſickneſs, or grows fond
Of a diſeaſe, whoſe property is to vex him,
And ſpightfully drink his blood up. Out upon't Sir,
Youth knows no greater loſs; I pray let's walk Sir,
You never ſaw the beauty of my houſe yet,
Nor how abundantly Fortune has bleſt me
In worldly treaſure; truſt me I have enough Sir
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death; your ſelf will ſay ſo.
If you want any thing, and ſpare to ſpeak,
Troth I'll condemn you for a wilful man Sir.
Lean. Why ſure this can be but the flattery of ſome dream.
Liv. Now by this kiſs, my love, my ſoul and riches,
'Tis all true ſubſtance.

Come

Come you shall see my wealth, take what you lift,
The gallanter you go, the more you please me:
I will allow you too, your Page and Footman,
Your race horses, or any various pleasure
Exercis'd youth delights in; but to me
Onely Sir wear your heart of constant stuff:
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.

Lean. Troth then, I'll love enough, and take enough.

Liv. Then we are both pleas'd enough. *Exeunt.*

Scæn 3. *Enter* Guardiano *and* Isabella *at one door, and the Ward and* Sordido *at another.*

Guard. Now Nephew, here's the Gentlewoman again.

Ward. Mass here she's come again; mark her now *Sordido.*

Guard. This is the Maid, my love and care has chose
Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you;
Your self has been eye witness of some qualities
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly.
I bring you both to talk together now,
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues;
To morrow you joyn hands, and one Ring ties you,
And one Bed holds you (if you like the choice)
Her Father and her friends are i'th' next room,
And stay to see the contract ere they part;
Therefore dispatch good Ward, be sweet and short;
Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways;
And one your body, th'other your purse pays.

Ward. I warrant you Gardiner, I'll not stand all day thruming,
But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming.

Guard. Well said: Good fortune to your birding then.

Ward:

Ward. I never miſs'd mark yet.

Sord. Troth I think Maſter, if the truth were known,
You never ſhot at any but the Kitchin-wench,
And that was a ſhe-woodcock, a meer innocent,
That was oft loſt, and cri'd at eight and twenty.

Ward. No more of that meat *Sordido*, here's Eggs o'th' ſpit now,
We muſt turn gingerly, draw out the Catalogue
Of all the faults of women.

Sord. How, all the faults! have you ſo little reaſon to think ſo much Paper will lie in my breeches? why ten carts will not carry it, if you ſet down but the Bauds; all the faults? pray let's be content with a few of 'em; and if they were leſs, you would finde 'em enough I warrant you: Look you Sir.

Iſab. But that I have th'advantage of the fool,
As much as womans heart can wiſh and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and ſold, and turn'd and pri'd into; when alaſs
The worſt bit is too good for him? and the comfort is
H'as but a Caters place on't, and provides
All for anothers table; yet how curious
The Aſs is, like ſome nice profeſſor on't,
That buys up all the daintieſt food i'th' Markets,
And ſeldom licks his lips after a taſte on't!

Sord. Now to her, now y'have ſcand all her parts over.

Ward. But at end ſhall I begin now *Sordido*?

Sord. Oh ever at a womans lip, while you live Sir, do you ask that queſtion?

Ward. Methinks *Sordido*, ſh'as but a crabbed face to begin with.

Sord. A crabbed face? that will ſave money.

Ward. How! ſave money *Sordido*?

Sord. I Sir: For having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less Verjuyce with her Mutton; 'twill save Verjuyce at years end Sir.

Ward. Nay and your jests begin to be sawcy once, I'll make you eat your meat without Mustard.

Sord. And that in some kinde is a punishment.

Ward. Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no; to be your husband; and thereupon thus I first enter upon you. Oh most delicious scent! Methinks it tasted as if a man had stept into a Comfit-makers shop to let a Cart go by, all the while I kiss'd her: It is reported Gentlewoman you'll run mad for me, if you have me not.

Isab. I should be in great danger of my wits Sir,
For being so forward, should this Ass kick backward now.

Ward. Alas poor Soul! And is that hair your own?

Isab. Mine own, yes sure Sir, I ow nothing for't.

Ward. 'Tis a good hearing, I shall have the less to pay when I have married you: Look, does her eyes stand well?

Sord. They cannot stand better
Then in her head, I think, where would you have them?
And for her Nose, 'tis of a very good last.

Ward. I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though.

Sord. That's in the using of a thing; will not any strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom? A Nose of Buff would not last always Sir, especially if it came in to th'Camp once.

Ward. But *Sordido*, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what Teeth she has; for I'll no

not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into th bargain:

Sord. Why do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot chuſe but one time or other, make her laugh Sir.

Ward. It ſhall go hard, but I will: Pray what qualities have you beſide ſinging and dancing? can you play at Shittlecock forſooth?

Iſab. I, and at Stool-ball too Sir; I have great luck at it.

Ward. Why can you catch a Ball well?

Iſab. I have catcht two in my lap at one game.

Ward. What have you woman? I muſt have you learn
To play at trap too, then y'are full and whole.

Iſab. Any thing that you pleaſe to bring me up too,
I ſhall take pains to practiſe.

Ward. 'Twill not do *Sordido*, we ſhall never get her mouth open'd wide enough.

Sord. No Sir; that's ſtrange! then here's a trick for your learning. *He yawns.*
Look now, look now; quick, quick there.

Ward. Pox of that ſcurvy mannerly trick with Handkercheif;
It hindred me a little, but I am ſatisfied.
When a fair woman gapes, and ſtops her mouth ſo,
It ſhows like a Cloth-ſtopple in a Cream-pot,
I have fair hope of her Teeth now *Sordido*.

Sord. Why then y'have all well Sir, for ought I ſee
She's right and ſtraight enough, now as ſhe ſtands;
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter:
Wiſe Gameſters
Never finde fault with that, let 'em lie ſtill ſo.

Ward. I'ld fain mark how ſhe goes, and then I

have all: For of all creatures I cannot abide a ſplay-footed Woman, ſhe's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning; her heels keep together ſo, as if ſhe were beginning an Iriſh dance ſtill; and he wrigling of her Bum, playing the tune to't: But I have bethought a cleanly ſhift to finde it; dab down as you ſee me, and peep of one ſide, when her back's toward you; I'll ſhew you the way.

Sord. And you ſhall finde me apt enough to peeping,
I have been one of them has ſeen mad ſights
Under your Scaffolds.

Ward. Will it pleaſe you walk forſooth,
A turn or two by your ſelf? you are ſo pleaſing to me,
I take delight to view you on both ſides.

Iſab. I ſhall be glad to fetch a walk to your love Sir;
'Twill get Affection, a good ſtomach Sir,
Which I had need have, to fall to ſuch courſe victuals.

Ward. Now go thy ways for a clean treading Wench,
As ever man in modeſty peep't under:

Sord. I ſee the ſweeteſt ſight to pleaſe my Maſter:
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes
Then ſhe on *Florentine* ruſhes.

Ward. 'Tis enough forſooth.

Iſab. And how do you like me now Sir?

Ward. Faith ſo well, I never mean to part with thee Sweet-heart,
Under ſome ſixteen children, and all Boys.

Iſab. You'll be at ſimple pains, if you prove kinde
And breed 'em all in your teeth.

Ward. Nay by my Faith, what ſerves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks look like blown Bag-pipes.

Ente

Enter Guardiano.

Guard. How now Ward and Nephew,
Gentlewoman and Neece! ſpeak, is it ſo or not?
Ward. 'Tis ſo, we are both agreed Sir.
Guard. Into your kinred then;
There's friends, and Wine, and Muſick waits to welcome you.
Ward. Then I'll be drunk for joy.
Sord. And I for company,
I cannot break my Noſe in a better action. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter Brancha *attended by two Ladies.*

Bran. HOw goes your Watches Ladies? what's a clock now?
1 *Lady.* By mine full nine.
2 *Lady.* By mine a quarter paſt:
1 *Lady.* I ſet mine by St. *Marks*,
2 *Lady.* St. *Anthonies* they ſay goes truer.
1 *Lady.* That's but your opinion Madam,
Becauſe you love a Gentleman o'th' name.
2 *Lady.* He's a true Gentleman then.
1 *Lady.* So may he be
That comes to me to night, for ought you know:
Bran. I'll end this ſtrife ſtraight: I ſet mine by the Sun,
I love to ſet by th'beſt, one ſhall not then
Be troubled to ſet often.

2 *Lady* You do wisely in't,

Bran. If I should set my Watch as some Girls do
By ev'ry clock i'th' Town, 'twould nev'r go true;
And too much turning of the Dials point,
Or tampring with the Spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too, here it wants of nine now.

1 *Lady.* It does indeed forsooth; mine's nearest truth yet.

2 *Lady.* Yet I have found her lying with an Advocate, which shew'd
Like two false clocks together in one Parish.

Bran. So now I thank you Ladies, I desire
A while to be alone.

1 *Lady.* And I am no body,
Methinks, unless I have one or other with me.
Faith my desire and hers, will nev'r be sisters.

Exeunt Ladies.

Bran. How strangely womans fortune comes about,
This was the fartheſt way to come to me,
All would have judg'd, that knew me born in *Venice*
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,
That never thought they had me sure enough,
But when they were upon me; yet my hap
To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
My friends, or kinred; 'tis not good in sadness,
To keep a maid so strict in her yong days;
Restraint breeds wand'ring thoughts, as many fasting days
A great desire to see flesh stirring again:
I'll nev'r use any Girl of mine so strictly,
How ev'r they're kept, their fortunes finde 'em out,
I see't in me; if they be got in Court,
I'll never forbid 'em the Country, nor the Court,

Though

Though they be born i'th' Countrey, they will come to't,
And fetch their falls a thousand mile about,
Where one would little think on't.

Enter Leantio.

Lean. I long to see how my despiser looks,
Now she's come here to Court; these are her lodgings,
She's simply now advanc'd: I took her out
Of no such window, I remember first,
That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd.
Bran. How now? What Silk-worm's this, i'th' name of pride,
What, is it he?
Lean. A bowe i'th' ham to your greatness;
You must have now three legs, I take it, must you not?
Bran. Then I must take another, I shall want else
The service I should have; you have but two there.
Lean. Y'are richly plac'd.
Bran. Methinks y'are wond'rous brave Sir.
Lean. A sumptuous lodging.
Bran Y'ave an excellent Suit there.
Lean. A Chair of Velvet.
Bran. Is your cloak lin'd through Sir?
Lean. Y'are very stately here.
Bran. Faith something proud Sir.
Lean. Stay, stay, let's see your Cloth of silver Slippers;
Bran. Who's your Shoomaker? h'as made you a neat Boot.
Lean. Will you have a pair?
The Duke will lend you Spurs.
Bran. Yes, when I ride.

Lean. 'Tis a brave life you lead.
Bran. I could nev'r see you
In such good clothes in my time.
Lean. In your time?
Bran. Sure I think Sir
We both thrive best asunder.
Lean. Y'are a whore.
Bran. Fear nothing Sir.
Lean. An impudent spightful strumpet.
Bran. Oh Sir, you give me thanks for your Captainship;
I thought you had forgot all your good manners.
Lean. And to spight thee as much, look there, there read,
Vex, gnaw, thou shalt finde there I am not love-starv'd.
The world was never yet so cold, or pitiless,
But there was ever still more charity found out,
Then at one proud fools door; and 'twere hard 'faith,
If I could not pass that: Read to thy shame there;
A cheerful and a beauteous Benefactor too,
As ev'r erected the good works of love.
Bran. Lady *Livia!*
Is't possible? Her worship was my Pandress,
She dote, and send and give, and all to him!
Why here's a Baud plagu'd home; y'are simply happy Sir,
Yet I'll not envy you.
Lean. No Court-Saint, not thou!
You keep some friend of a new fashion;
There's no harm in your Devil, he's a suckling,
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?
Bran. Take heed you play not then too long with him.
Lean. Yes, and the great one too: I shall finde time

To play a hot religious bout with ſome of you,
And perhaps drive you and your courſe of ſins
To their eternal Kennels; I ſpeak ſoftly now,
'Tis manners in a noble Womans lodgings,
And I well knew all my degrees of duty.
But come I to your everlaſting parting once,
Thunder ſhall ſeem ſoft muſick to that tempeſt.
Bran. 'Twas ſaid laſt week there would be change of weather,
When the Moon hung ſo, and belike you heard it.
Lean. Why here's ſin made, and nev'r a conſcience put to't;
A Monſter with all Forehead, and no Eyes.
Why do I talk to thee of Senſe or Vertue,
That art as dark as death? and as much madneſs
To ſet light before thee, as to lead blinde folks
To ſee the Monuments, which they may ſmell as ſoon
As they behold; Marry oft-times their heads
For want of light, may feel the hardneſs of 'em.
So ſhall thy blinde pride my revenge and anger,
That canſt not ſee it now; and it may fall
At ſuch an hour, when thou leaſt ſeeſt of all;
So to an ignorance darker then thy womb,
I leave thy perjur'd ſoul: A plague will come. *Exit.*
Bran. Get you gone firſt, and then I fear no greater,
Nor thee will I fear long; I'll have this faucineſs
Soon baniſh'd from theſe lodgings, and the rooms
Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves:
His breath has made me almoſt ſick in troth,
A poor baſe ſtart up! Life! becauſe has got
Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail, and ſhew 'em.

Enter

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Who's that?
Bran. Cry you mercy Sir.
Duke. Prethee who's that?
Bran. The former thing my Lord, to whom you gave
The Captainſhip; he eats his meat with grudging ſtill.
Duke. Still!
Bran. He comes vaunting here of his new love,
And the new clothes ſhe gave him; Lady *Livia.*
Who but ſhe now his Miſtreſs?
Duke. Lady *Livia*?
Be ſure of what you ſay.
Bran. He ſhew'd me her name Sir,
In perfum'd Paper, her Vows, her Letter,
With an intent to ſpight me; ſo his heart ſaid,
And his threats made it good; they were as ſpightful
As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy.
Duke. But that muſt not;
Do not you vex your minde, prethee to Bed, go,
All ſhall be well and quiet.
Bran. I love peace Sir. *Exit.*
Duke. And ſo do all that love; take you no care for't,
It ſhall be ſtill provided to your hand: Who's near us there?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſs. My Lord.
Duke. Seek out *Hippolito*,

Brother

Brother to Lady *Livia*, with all ſpeed.

Meſs. He was the laſt man I ſaw, my Lord. *Exit.*

Duke. Make haſte,
He is a blood ſoon ſtir'd, and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold, and ſudden
In bringing forth a ruine: I know likewiſe,
The reputation of his Siſters honor's
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart;
Beſide I'll flatter him with a goodneſs to her,
Which I now thought on, but nev'r meant to practiſe.
(Becauſe I know her baſe) and that wind drives him.
The ulcerous reputation feels the poyſe
Of lighteſt wrongs, as ſores are vext with flies:
He comes, *Hippolito* welcome.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. My lov'd Lord.

Duke. How does that luſty Widow, thy kinde Siſter?
Is ſhe not ſped yet of a ſecond husband?
A bed-fellow ſhe has, I ask not that,
I know ſhe's ſped of him.

Hip. Of him my Lord!

Duke. Yes of a bed-fellow; is the news ſo ſtrange to you?

Hip. I hope 'tis ſo to all.

Duke. I wiſh it were Sir;
But 'tis confeſt too faſt; her ignorant pleaſures
Onely by Luſt inſtructed, have receiv'd
Into their ſervices, an impudent Boaſter,
One that does raiſe his glory from her ſhame,
And tells the midday Sun, what's done in darkneſs;
Yet blinded with her appetite, waſtes her wealth,
Buys her diſgraces at a dearer rate,

Then

Then bounteous houſe-keepers purchaſe their honor.
Nothing ſads me ſo much, as that in love
To thee, and to thy blood, I had pickt out
A worthy match for her, the great *Vincentio*,
High in our favor, and in all mens thoughts.
Hip. Oh thou deſtruction of all happy fortunes,
Unſated blood! know you the name my Lord
Of her abuſer?
Duke. One *Leantio*?
Hip. He's a Factor.
Duke. He nev'r made ſo brave a voyage by his own talk.
Hip. The poor old widows ſon;
I humbly take my leave.
Duke. I ſee 'tis done:
Give her good counſel, make her ſee her error,
I know ſhe'll hearken to you.
Hip. Yes my Lord,
I make no doubt, as I ſhall take the courſe,
Which ſhe ſhall never know till it be acted;
And when ſhe wakes to honor, then ſhe'll thank me for't.
I'll imitate the pities of old Surgeons
To this loſt limb, who ere they ſhow their art,
Caſt one aſleep, then cut the diſeas'd part.
So out of love to her I pity moſt,
She ſhall not feel him going till he's loſt,
Then ſhe'll commend the cure. *Exit.*
Duke. The great cure's paſt;
I count this done already; his wrath's ſure,
And ſpeaks an injury deep; farewel *Leantio*.
This place will never hear thee murmur more.
Our noble Brother welcome!

Enter

Enter Lord Cardinal attended.

Card. Set those lights down:
Depart till you be called.
Duke. There's serious business
Fixed in his look, nay, it enclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment.
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost:
Card. The thing I look on seems so
To my eyes lost for ever.
Duke. You look on me.
Card. What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a Duke, a Brother,
And all this certainly damn'd?
Duke. How!
Card. 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't; dare you look up
For thinking of a veng'ance? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking, but to death,
And dedicate unto a strumpets love
The strength of your affections, zeal and health?
Here you stand now; can you assure your pleasures,
You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
Alas you cannot; what a misery 'tis then
To be more certain of eternal death,
Then of a next embrace? nay, shall I shew you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin,
Then the love private man; all his offences,
Like inclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own souls bounds;
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd, then with himself;

'Tis

'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness: But great man,
Ev'ry sin thou commit'st, shews like a flame
Upon a Mountain, 'tis seen far about,
And with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles flie through Cities: Here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders: But remember still
What burnt the Valleys first, came from the Hill;
Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great mans bane.
The sins of mean men, lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all:
And this your reason grants, if men of good lives,
Who by their vertuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess; what may they feel
In height of torments, and in weight of veng'ance,
Not onely they themselves, not doing well,
But sets a light up to shew men to Hell?

Duke. If you have done I have, no more sweet Brother.

Card. I know time spent in goodness, is too tedious;
This had not been a moments space in Lust now;
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minutes reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talkt of
Which you so strive to suffer. Oh my Brother!
What were you, if you were taken now!
My heart weeps blood to think on't; 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, (you can never merit)
That yet you are not death-struck, no not yet:
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in.

There's

There's but this Wall betwixt you and deſtruction,
When y'are at ſtrongeſt, and but poor thin clay.
Think upon't Brother; can you come ſo near it,
For a fair ſtrumpets love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepneſs of a skin,
And that not of their own neither? Is ſhe a thing
Whom ſickneſs dare not viſit, or age look on,
Or death reſiſt? does the worm ſhun her grave?
If not (as your ſoul knows it) why ſhould Luſt
Bring man to laſting pain, for rotten duſt?

Duke. Brother of ſpotleſs honor, let me weep
The firſt of my repentance in thy boſome,
And ſhew the bleſt fruits of a thankful ſpirit;
And if I ere keep woman more unlawfully,
May I want penitence, at my greateſt need:
And wiſemen know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine, then a dearth in grace.

Card. Why here's a converſion is at this time Brother
Sung for a Hymn in Heaven, and at this inſtant
The powers of darkneſs groan, makes all Hell ſorry.
Firſt, I praiſe Heaven, then in my work I glory.
Who's there attends without?

Enter Servants.

Serv. My Lord!

Card. Take up thoſe lights; there was a thicker darkneſs,
When they came firſt: The peace of a fair Soul
Keep with my noble Brother. *Exit Cardinal, &c.*

Duke. Joys be with you Sir:
She lies alone to night for't, and muſt ſtill,
Though it be hard to conquer, but I have vow'd
Never to know her as a ſtrumpet more,

And

And I must save my oath; if Fury fail not,
Her husband dies to night, or at the most,
Lives not to see the morning spent to morrow;
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this sin and horror. Now I'm chidden,
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden,
And I'll not freeze in Stoves; 'tis but a while,
Live like a hopeful Bridegroom, chaste from flesh;
And pleasure then will seem new, fair and fresh.
Exit.

Scæn 2. *Enter* Hippolito.

Hip: The morning so far wasted, yet his basenes
So impudent? See if the very Sun do not blush at him!
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive!
Put case one must be vitious, as I know my self
Monstrously guilty, there's a blinde time made for't;
He might use onely that, 'twere conscionable:
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,
Are fit for such a business; but there's no pity
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner,
An impudent day-light Leacher; the great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With Lord *Vincentio*, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honor of our house,
Puts fire into my blood, to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,
And poyson the whole hopes of this fair fortune.
I love her good so dearly, that no Brother
Shall venture farther for a Sisters glory,
Then I for her preferment.

Enter

Enter Leantio, *and a Page.*

Lean. Once again
I'll see that glistring Whore, shines like a Serpent;
Now the Court Sun's upon her: Page!
Page. Anon Sir!
I'll go in state too; see the Coach be ready.
Lean. I'll hurry away presently.
Hip. Yes you shall hurry,
And the Devil after you; take that at setting forth.
Now, and you'll draw, we are upon equal terms Sir.
Thou took'st advantage of my name in honor,
Upon my Sister; I nev'r saw the stroke
Come, till I found my reputation bleeding;
And therefore count it I no sin to valor
To serve thy lust so: Now we are of even hand,
Take your best course against me. You must die.
Lean. How close sticks Envy to mans happiness?
When I was poor, and little car'd for life,
I had no such means offer'd me to die,
No mans wrath minded me: Slave, I turn this to thee,
To call thee to account, for a wound lately
Of a base stamp upon me.
Hip. 'Twas most fit
For a base mettle. Come and fetch one now
More noble then, for I will use thee fairer
Then thou hast done thine soul, or our honor;
And there I think 'tis for thee.
Within. Help, help, Oh part 'em.
Lean. False wife! I feel now th'hast paid heartily for me;
Rise Strumpet by my fall, thy Lust may raign now;
My heart-string, and the marriage knot that ty'd thee,
Breaks both together.

Hip. There I heard the sound on't,
And never like'd string better.

Enter Guardiano, Livia, Isabella, *Ward*, *and* Sordido.

Liv. 'Tis my Brother,
Are you hurt Sir?
Hip. Not any thing.
Liv. Blessed fortune,
Shift for thy self; what is he thou hast kill'd?
Hip. Our honors enemy.
Guard. Know you this man Lady?
Liv. *Leantio?* My loves joy? wounds stick upon thee
As deadly as thy sins; art thou not hurt?
The Devil take that fortune, and he dead,
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret, and fearful: Run for Officers,
Let him be apprehended with all speed,
For fear he scape away; lay hands on him.
We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder;
You do Heavens veng'ance, and the Law just service.
You know him not as I do, he's a villain,
As monstrous as a prodigy, and as dreadful.
Hip. Will you but entertain a noble patience,
Till you but hear the reason worthy Sister!
Liv. The reason! that's a jest Hell falls a laughing at:
Is there a reason found for the destruction
Of our more lawful loves? and was there none
To kill the black Lust twixt thy Neece and thee,
That has kept close so long?
Guard. How's that good Madam?
Liv. Too true Sir, there she stands, let her deny't;
The deed cries shortly in the Midwifes arms,

Unless

Unleſs the parents ſins ſtrike it ſtill-born;
And if you be not deaf, and ignorant,
You'll hear ſtrange notes ere long: Look upon me Wench!
'Twas I betray'd thy honor ſubtilly to him
Under a falſe tale; it lights upon me now;
His arm has paid me home upon thy breaſt,
My ſweet belov'd *Leantio!*

Guard. Was my judgment
And care in choice, ſo dev'liſhly abus'd,
So beyond ſhamefully —— All the world will grin at me.

Ward. Oh *Sordido, Sordido*, I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd!

Sord. Dam'd, why Sir!

Ward. One of the wicked; do'ſt not ſee't, a Cuckold, a plain rebrobate Cuckold.

Sord. Nay, and you be damn'd for that! be of good chear Sir,
Y'have gallant company of all profeſſions; I'll have a wife
Next Sunday too, becauſe I'll along with you my ſelf.

Ward. That will be ſome comfort yet.

Liv. You Sir, that bear your load of injuries,
As I of ſorrows, lend me your griev'd ſtrength
To this ſad burthen; who in life wore actions,
Flames were not nimbler: We will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together.

Guard. I'll liſt to nothing, but revenge and anger,
Whoſe counſels I will follow.

Exeunt Livia *and* Guardiano.

Sord. A wife quoth'a!
Here's a ſweet Plumb-tree of your Gardiner's graffing!

Ward. Nay there's a worſe name belongs to this

fruit yet, and you could hit on't, a more open one: For he that marries a whore, looks like a fellow bound all his life time to a Medler-tree, and that's good stuff; 'tis no sooner ripe, but it looks rotten; and so do some Queans at nineteen. A pox on't, I thought there was some knavery a broach, for something stir'd in her belly, the first night I lay with her.

Sord. What, what Sir!

Ward. This is she brought up so courtly, can sing, and dance, and tumble too, methinks, I'll never marry wife again, that has so many qualities.

Sord. Indeed they are seldom good Master; for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out. Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lye with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing.

Ward. This was the fault, when she was tend'red to me; you never look'd to this.

Sord. Alas, how would you have me see through a great Farthingal Sir! I cannot peep through a Milstone, or in the going, to see what's done i'th' bottom.

Ward. Her father prais'd her Breft, sh'ad the voice forsooth;
I marvell'd she sung so small indeed, being no Maid.
Now I perceive there's a yong Querister in her Belly:
This breeds a singing in my head I'm sure.

Sord. 'Tis but the tune of your wives Sinquapace, Danc'd in a Fetherbed; Faith, go lye down Master —but take heed your Horns do not make holes in the Pillowbers. —I would not batter brows with him for a Hogshead of Angels, he would prick my skull as full of holes as a Scriveners Sand-Box.

Exeunt Ward and Sordido.

Isab.

Isab. Was ever Maid so cruelly beguil'd
To the confusion of life, soul, and honor,
All of one womans murd'ring! I'ld fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood, then woman,
And 'tis too much of that; Oh shame and horror!
In that small distance from yon man to me,
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish.
'Tis time we parted Sir, and left the sight
Of one another, nothing can be worse
To hurt repentance; for our very eyes
Are far more poysonous to Religion,
Then Basilisks to them; if any goodness
Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
My request is, I nev'r may see you more;
And so I turn me from you everlastingly,
So is my hope to miss you; but for her,
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,
And lay a snare so spightfully for my youth,
If the least means but favor my revenge,
That I may practise the like cruel cunning
Upon her life, as she has on mine honor,
I'll act it without pitty.

Hip. Here's a care
Of reputation, and a Sisters fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her: Would a silence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlastingly chain'd up her tongue;
My love to her has made mine miserable.

Enter Guardiano *and* Livia.

Guard. If you can but dissemble your hearts griefs now,
Be but a woman so far.

Liv. Peace! I'll strive Sir:

Guard. As I can wear my injuries in a smile;
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger

Both liberty and safety to perform
Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
Of danger, or of Law; for mischief's acted
Under the priviledge of a marriage-triumph
At the Dukes hasty Nuptial's, will be thought
Things meerly accidental; all's by chance,
Not got of their own natures.

Liv. I conceive you Sir,
Even to a longing for performance on't;
And here behold some fruits: Forgive me both,
What I am now return'd to Sence and Judgment,
Is not the same Rage and distraction
Presented lately to you? that rude form
Is gone for ever. I am now my self,
That speaks all peace, and friendship; and these tears
Are the true springs of hearty penitent sorrow;
For those foul wrongs, which my forgetful fury
Sland'red your vertues with: This Gentleman
Is well resolv'd now.

Guard. I was never otherways,
I knew (alas) 'twas but your anger spake it,
And I nev'r thought on't more.

Hip. Pray rise good Sister.

Isab. Here's evin as sweet amends made for a wrong now,
As one that gives a wound, and pays the Surgeon;
All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,
Or time of hind'rance: Well, I had a Mother,
I can dissemble too: What wrongs have slipt
Through angers ignorance (Aunt) my heart forgives.

Guard. Why thus tuneful now!

Hip. And what I did Sister,
Was all for honors cause, which time to come
Will approve to you.

Liv. Being awak'd to goodness,

I un-

I underſtand ſo much Sir, and praiſe now
The fortune of your arm, and of your ſafety;
For by his death y'have rid me of a ſin
As coſtly as ev'r woman doted on:
T'has pleas'd the Duke ſo well too, that (behold Sir)
Has ſent you here your pardon, which I kiſt
With moſt affectionate comfort; when 'twas brought,
Then was my fit juſt paſt, it came ſo well me thought
To glad my heart.
Hip. I ſee his Grace thinks on me.
Liv. There's no talk now but of the preparation
For the great marriage.
Hip. Does he marry her then?
Liv. With all ſpeed, ſuddenly, as faſt as coſt
Can be laid on with many thouſand hands.
This Gentleman and I, had once a purpoſe
To have honored the firſt marriage of the Duke
With an invention of his own; 'twas ready
The pains well paſt, moſt of the charge beſtow'd on't;
Then came the death of your good Mother (Neece)
And turn'd the glory of it all to black:
'Tis a device would fit theſe times ſo well too,
Art's treaſury not better; if you'll joyn
It ſhall be done, the coſt ſhall all be mine:
Hip. Y'have my voice firſt, 'twill well approve my thankfulneſs
For the Dukes love and favor.
Liv. What ſay you Neece?
Iſab. I am content to make one.
Guard. The plot's full then;
Your pages Madam, will make ſhift for Cupids.
Liv. That will they Sir.
Guard. You'll play your old part ſtill.
Liv. What, is't good? troth I have ev'n forgot it.

Guard. Why *Juno Pronuba*, the Marriage-Goddeſs.

Liv. 'Tis right indeed.

Guard. And you ſhall play the Nymph,
That offers ſacrifice to appeaſe her wrath.

Iſab. Sacrifice good Sir?

Liv. Muſt I be appeaſed then?

Guard. That's as you liſt your ſelf, as you ſee cauſe.

Liv. Methinks 'twould ſhew the more ſtate in her diety,
To be Incenſt.

Iſab. 'Twould, but my Sacrifice
Shall take a courſe to appeaſe you, or I'll fail in't,
And teach a ſinful Baud to play a Goddeſs.

Guard. For our parts, we'll not be ambitious Sir;
Pleaſe you walk in, and ſee the project drawn,
Then take your choice.

Hip. I weigh not, ſo I have one. *Exit.*

Liv. How much ado have I to reſtrain fury
From breaking into curſes! Oh how painful 'tis
To keep great ſorrow ſmother'd! ſure I think
'Tis harder to diſſemble Grief, then Love:
Leantio, here the weight of thy loſs lies,
Which nothing but deſtruction can ſuffice. *Exeunt.*

Hoboys.

Scæn 3. *Enter in great ſtate the Duke and* Brancha, *richly attir'd, with Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and other Attendants, they paſs ſolemnly over: Enter L Cardinal in a rage, ſeeming to break off the Ceremony.*

L. Card. Ceaſe, ceaſe; Religious Honors done to ſin,
Diſparage Vertues reverence, and will pull

Heavens

Heavens thunder upon *Florence*; holy Ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful.
Are these the fruits of your Repentance Brother?
Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,
Then to abuse the benefit, and return
To worse then where sin left you.
Vow'd you then never to keep Strumpet more,
And are you now so swift in your desires,
To knit your honors, and your life fast to her!
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't? Worse!
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honor,
That renders Vertue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great Master, be now made the Garment
Of Leprousie and Foulness? is this Penitence
To sanctifie hot Lust? what is it otherways
Then worship done to Devils? is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots?
As if a Drunkard, to appease Heavens wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a Sacrifice:
If that be comly, then Lust's offerings are
On Wedlocks sacred Altar.

Duke. Here y'are bitter
Without cause Brother: what I vow'd I keep,
As safe as you your Conscience, and this needs not;
I taste more wrath in't, then I do Religion;
And envy more then goodness; the path now
I tread, is honest, leads to lawful love,
Which vertue in her strictness would not check:
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman:
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her.

L. Card. He that taught you that craft,
Call him not Master long, he will undo you:
Grow not too cunning for your soul good Brother,
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,

And then take ſanctuary in marriage?
I grant, ſo long as an offender keeps
Cloſe in a priviledged Temple, his life's ſafe;
But if he ever venture to come out,
And ſo be taken, then he ſurely dies for't:
So now y'are ſafe; but when you leave this body,
Mans onely priviledg'd Temple upon Earth,
In which the guilty ſoul takes ſanctuary;
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaſte vows endure,
When Luſt uſurps the Bed that ſhould be pure.

Bran. Sir, I have read you over all this while
In ſilence, and I finde great knowledge in you,
And ſevere learning, yet 'mongſt all your vertues
I ſee not charity written, which ſome call
The firſt-born of Religion, and I wonder
I cannot ſee't in yours. Believe it Sir,
There is no vertue can be ſooner miſs'd,
Or later welcom'd; it begins the reſt,
And ſets 'em all in order; Heaven and Angels
Take great delight in a converted ſinner.
Why ſhould you then a Servant and Profeſſor,
Differ ſo much from them? If ev'ry woman
That commits evil, ſhould be therefore kept
Back in deſires of goodneſs, how ſhould vertue
Be known and honor'd? From a man that's blinde,
To take a burning Taper, 'tis no wrong,
He never miſſes it: But to take light
From one that ſee's, that's injury and ſpight.
Pray whether is Religion better ſerv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honeſt,
Then when they ſtill run through a ſinful blood.
'Tis nothing Vertues Temples to deface;
But build the ruines, there's a work of Grace.

Duke. I kiſs thee for that ſpirit; thou haſt prais'd thy wit

A modeſt way: On, on there. *Hoboys.*
L. Card. Luſt is bold,
And will have veng'ance ſpeak, er't be controld.
Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Guardiano *and Ward.*

Guard. SPeak, haſt thou any ſence of thy abuſe?
Do'ſt thou know what wrong's done thee?
Ward. I wear an Aſs elſe:
I cannot waſh my face, but I am feeling on't.
Guard. Here take this Galtrop, then convey it ſecretly
Into the place I ſhew'd you; look you Sir,
This is the trap-door to't.
Ward. I know't of old Uncle, ſince the laſt triumph; here roſe up a Devil with one eye I remember, with a company of fire-works at's tail.
Guard. Prethee leave ſquibbing now, mark me, and fail not; but when thou hear'ſt me give a ſtamp, down with't: The villain's caught then.
Ward. If I miſs you, hang me; I love to catch a villain, and your ſtamp ſhall go currant I warrant you: But how ſhall I riſe up, and let him down too? All at one hole! that will be a horrible puzzle. You know I have a part in't, I play Slander.
Guard. True, but never make you ready for't.
Ward. No, my clothes are bought and all, and a foul Fiends head with a long contumelious tongue

i'th'

i'th' chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i'th' out-parishes.

Guard. It shall not come so far, thou understandst it not.

Ward. Oh, oh!

Guard. He shall lie deep enough ere that time, And stick first upon those:

Ward. Now I conceive you Gardiner.

Guard. Away, lift to the privy stamp, that's all thy part:

Ward. Stamp my Horns in a Morter if I miss you, and give the powder in White-wine to sick Cuckolds, a very present remedy for the head-ach.

Exit Ward.

Guard. If this should any way miscarry now,
As if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain,
The Pages that present the swift wing'd *Cupids*,
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poyson'd;
He cannot 'scape my fury; and those ills
Will be laid all on Fortune, not our Wills,
That's all the sport on't; for who will imagine,
That at the celebration of this night
Any mischance that hap's, can flow from spight?

Exit.

Florish.

Scæn 2. *Enter above, Duke*, Brancha, *L. Cardinal*, Fabritio, *and other Cardinals, Lords and Ladies in State.*

Duke. Now our fair Dutchess, your delight shall witness,
How y'are belov'd and honor'd; all the glories
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night,
Are done for your bright sake.

Bran.

Bran. I am the more
In debt my Lord, to loves and curteſies,
That offer up themſelves ſo bounteouſly
To do me honor'd Grace, without my merit.
Duke. A goodneſs ſet in greatneſs ; how it ſparkles
Afar off like pure Diamonds ſet in Gold !
How perfect my deſires were, might I witneſs
But a fair noble peace, 'twixt your two ſpirits !
The reconcilement would be more ſweet to me,
Then longer life to him that fears to die.
Good Sir !
L. Card. I profeſs Peace, and am content:
Duke. I'll ſee the Seal upon't, and then 'tis firm.
L. Card. You ſhall have all you wiſh.
Duke. I have all indeed now.
Bran. But I have made ſurer work ; this ſhall not blinde me ;
He that begins ſo early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love ;
Beware a Brothers envy, he's next heir too,
Cardinal you die this night, the plot's laid ſurely :
In time of ſports Death may ſteal in ſecurely ; then 'tis leaſt thought on :
For he that's moſt religious, holy Friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end ;
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their tranſportations too, through fleſh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor ſoul, that ſin by night.
Duke. What's this *Fabritio* ?
Fab. Marry, my Lord, the model
Of what's preſented.
Duke. Oh we thank their loves ;
Sweet Dutcheſs take your ſeat, liſt to the Argument.

Reads.

Reads.

THere is a Nymph that haunts the Woods and
Springs,
In love with two at once, and they with her;
Equal it runs; but to decide these things,
The cause to mighty Juno *they refer,*
She being the Marriage-Goddess; the two Lovers
They offer sighs, the Nymph a Sacrifice,
All to please Juno, *who by signs discovers,*
How the event shall be, so that strife dies:
Then springs a second; for the man refus'd
Grows discontent, and out of love abus'd,
He raises Slander *up, like a black Fiend,*
To disgrace th'other, which pays him i'th' end.

Bran. In troth, my Lord, a pretty pleasing Argument,
And fits th'occasion well; *Envy* and *Slander*
Are things soon rais'd against two faithful Lovers;
But comfort is, they are not long unrewarded.

Musick.

Duke. This musick shews they're upon entrance now.

Bran. Then enter all my wishes.

Enter Hymen *in Yellow,* Ganymed *in a Blue robe powdered with Stars, and* Hebe *in a White robe with golden Stars, With covered Cups in their hands: They dance a short dance, then bowing to the Duke, &c.* Hymen *speaks.*

Hym. To thee fair Bride *Hymen* offers up
Of nuptial joys this the Celestial Cup.
Taste it, and thou shalt ever finde
Love in thy Bed, peace in thy minde.

Bran. We'll taste you sure, 'twere pitty to disgrace

So pretty a beginning.

Duke. 'Twas spoke nobly.

Gan. Two Cups of *Nectar* have we begg'd from *Jove*;
Hebe give that to Innocence, I this to love.
Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way;
Remember still the *Via Lactea.*

Hebe. Well *Ganymed*, you have more faults, though not so known;
I spil'd one Cup, but you have filtch'd many a one.

Hym. No more, forbear for *Hymens* sake;
In love we met, and so let's part. *Exeunt.*

Duke. But soft! here's no such persons in the Argument,
As these three, *Hymen*, *Hebe*, *Ganymed.*
The Actors that this model here discovers,
Are onely four, *Juno*, a Nymph, two Lovers.

Bran. This is some Antemask belike, my Lord,
To entertain time; now my peace is perfect.
Let sports come on a pace, now is their time, my Lord. *Musick.*
Hark you, you hear from 'em!

Duke. The Nymph indeed.

Enter two dress't like Nymphs, bearing two Tapers lighted; then Isabella *dress't with flowers and Garlands, bearing a Censor with fire in it; they set the Censor and Tapers on* Juno's *Altar with much reverence; this Ditty being sung in parts.*

Ditty.

IUno *Nuptial-Goddess, thou that rul'st o'r coupled bodies,*
Ty'st man to woman, never to forsake her, thou onely powerful marriage-maker,
Pitty this amaz'd affection; I love both, and both love me,

Nor

Nor know I where to give rejection, my heart likes so equally,
Till thou set'st right my Peace of life,
And with thy power conclude this strife.

Isab. Now with my thanks depart you to the Springs;
I to these Wells of Love: Thou sacred Goddess,
And Queen of Nuptials, Daughter to great *Saturn*,
Sister and Wife to *Jove*, Imperial *Juno*,
Pitty this passionate conflict in my Breast,
This tedious War, 'twixt two Affections;
Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace.

Enter Hippolito *and* Guardiano, *like Shepherds.*

Hip. Make me that happy man, thou mighty Goddess.
Guard. But I live most in hope, if truest love
Merit the greatest comfort.
Isab. I love both
With such an even and fair affection,
I know not which to speak for, which to wish for,
Till thou great Arbitress, 'twixt lovers hearts,
By thy auspicious Grace, design the man;
Which pitty I implore.
Both. We all implore it.
Isab. And after sighs, contritions, truest odors, { Livia *descends like* Juno.
I offer to thy powerful Deity,
This precious Incense, may it ascend peacefully;
And if it keep true touch, my good Aunt *Juno*,
'Twill try your immortality ere't belong:
I fear you'll never get so nigh Heaven again,
When you're once down.

Livi

Liv. Though you and your affections
Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness
As nights inheritance Hell, we pitty you,
And your requests are granted: You ask signs;
They shall be given you, we'll be gracious to you.
He of those twain which we determine for you,
Loves Arrows shall wound twice, the later wound
Betokens love in age; for so are all
Whose love continues firmly all their life time,
Twice wounded at their marriage; else affection
Dies when youth ends: This favor overcomes me.
Now for a sign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd Prosperity, which all couples love,
I, and makes love take that: Our Brother *Jove*
Never denies us of his burning treasure,
T'express bounty.

Duke. She falls down upon't,
Whas's the conceit of that?

Fab. As over-joy'd belike:
Too much prosperity overjoyes us all,
And she has her lapful, it seems my Lord.

Duke. This swerves a little from the Argument though: Look you my Lords.

Guard. All's fast; now comes my part to toll him hither;
Then with a stamp given, he's dispatch'd as cunningly.

Hip. Stark dead: Oh treachery! cruelly made away! how's that?

Fab. Look, there's one of the Lovers dropt away too.

Duke. Why sure this plot's drawn false, here's no such thing.

Liv. Oh I am sick to th' death, let me down quickly;
This fume is deadly: Oh 't'has poyson'd me!

My subtilty is sped, her art h'as quitted me;
My own ambition pulls me down to ruine.
Hip. Nay, then I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud
This thy revenge in death.
Fab. Look, *Juno*'s down too: {*Cupids* shoot:
What makes she there? her pride should keep aloft.
She was wont to scorn the Earth in other shows:
Methinks her Peacocks Feathers are much pull'd:
Hip. Oh death runs through my blood; in a wilde flame too:
Plague of those *Cupids*; some lay hold on 'em.
Let 'em not 'scape, they have spoil'd me; the shaft's deadly.
Duke. I have lost my self in this quite.
Hip. My great Lords, we are all confounded.
Duke. How?
Hip. Dead; and I worse.
Fab. Dead? my Girl dead? I hope
My Sister *Juno* has not serv'd me so.
Hip. Lust, and forgetfulness has been amongst us,
And we are brought to nothing: Some blest Charity
Lend me the speeding Pitty of his Sword
To quench this fire in blood. *Leantio*'s death
Has brought all this upon us; now I taste it,
And made us lay plots to confound each other;
The event so proves it, and mans understanding
Is riper at his fall, then all his life time.
She in a madness for her lovers death,
Reveal'd a fearful Lust in our near bloods,
For which I am punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for;
Prov'd her own ruine too, Veng'ance met Vengeance,
Like a set match; as if the plague of sin

Had

Had been agreed to meet here altogether.
But how her fawning partner fell, I reach not,
Unleſs caught by ſome ſpring of his own ſetting:
(For on my pain, he never dream'd of dying)
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to ſave himſelf; but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wiſemen downward.
Therefore the wonder ceaſes. —— Oh this torment!

Duke. Our Guard below there!

Enter a Lord with a Guard.

Lord. My Lord:

Hip. Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain.

Lord. Behold my Lord, h'as run his Breſt upon a weapons point.

Duke. Upon the firſt night of our nuptial honors,
Deſtruction play her triumph, and great miſchiefs
Maſk in expected pleaſures, 'tis prodigious!
They're things moſt fearfully ominous: I like 'em not.
Remove theſe ruin'd bodies from our eyes.

Bran. Not yet, no change? when falls he to the Earth?

Lord. Pleaſe but your Excellence to peruſe that Paper,
Which is a brief confeſſion from the heart
Of him that fell firſt, ere his ſoul departed;
And there the darkneſs of theſe deeds ſpeaks plainly.
'Tis the full ſcope, the manner, and intent;
His Ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to preſent flight at the voice of him.

Bran. Nor yet?

Duke. Read, read; for I am loſt in ſight and ſtrength.

L. Card. My noble Brother!

Bran. Oh the curse of wretchedness!
My deadly hand is faln upon my Lord:
Destruction take me to thee, give me way;
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him,
That hinders me a moment.

Duke. My heart swells bigger yet; help here, break't ope,
My brest flies open next.

Bran. Oh with the poyson,
That was prepar'd for thee, thee, Cardinal!
'Twas meant for thee.

L. Card. Poor Prince!

Bran. Accursed Error!
Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosome,
And wrap two spirits, in one poyson'd vapor.
Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death
Into a parting kiss: My soul stands ready at my lips;
Ev'n vext to stay one minute after thee.

L. Card. The greatest sorrow and astonishment
That ever struck the general peace of *Florence*,
Dwells in this hour.

Bran. So my desires are satisfied,
I feel deaths power within me.
Thou hast prevail'd in something (curs'd poyson)
Though thy cheif force was spent in my Lords bosom;
But my deformity in spirit's more foul;
A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul.
What make I here? these are all strangers to me,
Not known but by their malice; now th'art gone;
Nor do I seek their pities.

Card. O restrain
Her ignorant wilful hand!

Bran. Now do; 'tis done.

Leantio. Now I feel the breach of marriage

A

At my heart-breaking: Oh the deadly snares
That Women set for Women, without pity
Either to soul or honor! Learn by me
To know your foes: In this belief I die;
Like our own Sex, we have no Enemy, no Enemy!

Lord. See my Lord
What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction.

Bran. Pride, Greatness, Honors, Beauty, Youth, Ambition,
You must all down together, there's no help for't:
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove,
Tasting the same death in a cup of love.

L. Card. Sin, what thou art, these ruines show too piteously.
Two Kings on one Throne cannot sit together,
But one must needs down, for his Titles wrong;
So where lust raigns, that Prince cannot raign long.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Paris

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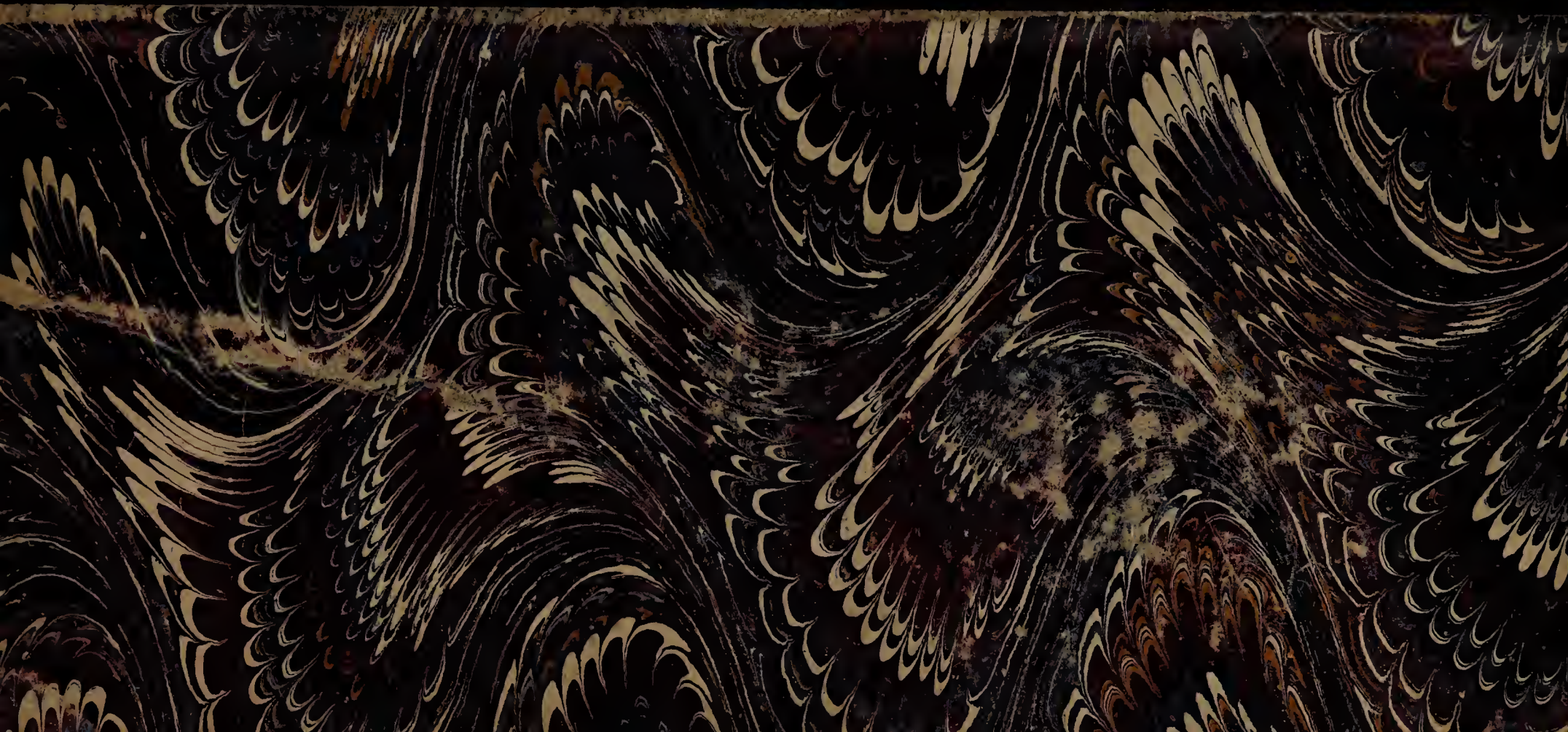
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